

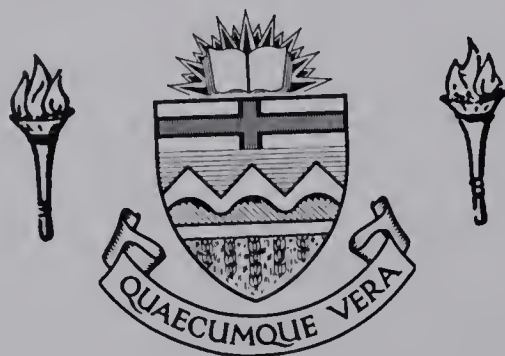
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The Revenge for Love: The External Approach

by

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A Thesis

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The undersigned certify that they have read and recommend to the Faculty of Graduate Studies for acceptance, a thesis entitled The Revenge for Love: The External Approach, submitted by Anne Wilson in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts.

ABSTRACT

Wyndham Lewis's The Revenge for Love is a novel which appeals strongly to the reader's visual imagination. Lewis's emphasis on the faculty of seeing is a significant feature of his 'external approach' to fiction. In the Introduction to this study of The Revenge for Love I give a brief account of the principles of the external approach, taken from Lewis's critical writings.

I open the discussion of The Revenge for Love with an analysis of three visual metaphors or icons, each of which represents a major character in the novel: the bird, the camel, and the baby. In my analysis of Lewis's use of these icons, I point out how they function as metaphors for particular qualities in the characters. Lewis has set up within the novel a corresponding set of metaphors to represent distortions of these qualities. Part of my analysis in this chapter is an examination of the thematic significance of this pattern of opposition. In the second chapter, I examine the physical settings for the novel in terms of shifting spaces and enclosures into which Lewis sets his action. The third chapter is an analysis of the distinctive voices of the characters, indicating how Lewis complements the element of speech to his visual metaphors. In the fourth chapter I

discuss Lewis's treatment of action in the novel. Again I am concerned here with an exploration of patterns of opposition, analyzing the distortion of action into burlesque. Lewis's use of the game metaphor is an ironic comment on the fatuity of his characters' actions, and it points up the ultimate tragedy of their situation.

In the last chapter of this study of The Revenge for Love I relate some of the issues discussed in the foregoing sections to the theme underlying the novel. I try to indicate, then, how Lewis explored the effects of his characters' failure to accommodate their thinking and actions to the altered conditions of their world.

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It is as if the surface of our mind was a sea in a continual state of motion, that there were so many waves on it, their existence was so transient, and they interfered with each other, that one was unable to perceive them. The artist by making a fixed model of one of these transient waves enables you to isolate it out and to perceive it in yourself. In that sense art merely reveals, never creates.

T.E. Hulme, Speculations, 150-151.

INTRODUCTION

THE EXTERNAL APPROACH

Dogmatically, then, I am for the Great Without, for the method of external approach, for the wisdom of the eye, rather than that of the ear.¹

The 'fixed model', in Hulme's terminology, is the building block of Lewis's style. It is his iconic metaphor and the "physical definition"² of his created world. The approach from the outside of things characterizes Lewis's works of fiction from the beginning of his career; but it was first with his critical survey of the philosophers Bergson, Alexander, and Spengler and with his criticism of writers who shared their view of time as flux that Lewis made a full statement of his own position. This study of the novel The Revenge for Love is essentially an exploration of his ideas on the need for attention to externals, as they are manifested in his style. But to prepare for that study, I should like here to outline Lewis's interpretation of a literary outgrowth of the philosophy of time as flux.

For Lewis, Bergson's focus on the dynamic aspect of reality deprived the mind of its objective referents. Lewis

saw growing out of the view of time as flux the writings of D.H. Lawrence and James Joyce. The Unconscious, manifested in Lawrencian passion and Joycean thought-in-progress, was he thought the natural child of the time flux. It was for Lewis formless, private and unmeasurable. By analogy with time as flux, the unconscious is a liquid state; it is the inside of the organism, dark and shapeless. Lewis viewed Joyce and Lawrence, from one point of view, as pseudo-explorers of the inside of things, writers who attempted to immerse themselves in an essentially private reserve. He saw in the abandonment of the self to the realms of emotionality and disorientated thought a fatuous denial of the gifts of perception and judgement:

...the bergsonian (jamesesque, psycho-analytic, wagnerian Venusberg) philosophy of the hot vitals--of the bloodstream, of vast cosmic emotion, gush and flow--is that of a blind organism. There are no Eyes in that philosophy. It sees no more than the embryo....³

Lewis called Ulysses "a highly personal day-dream, culminating in a phantasmagoria."⁴ It confined the reader "in a circumscribed psychological space into which several encyclopedias have been emptied."⁵ Again, referring this time to Lawrence, Lewis wrote of the "regrettable habit of his incessantly to refer to the intestinal billowing of 'dark' subterranean passion. In his devotion for that romantic abdominal Within he abandoned the sunlit, pagan surface of the

earth."⁶

The criteria by which we can analyze Lewis's own style are contained implicitly in his criticism of Joyce. In the following passages, Lewis insists on the need for observation of the concrete as the writer's source for imaginative construction. On the problem of characterization in fiction, Lewis observed in Joyce a failure to note the originality of individuals. Thus, according to Lewis, Joyce was led into portraying his characters conventionally--abstracting them from real life. Joyce's is thus a "pretence of naturalism", a specious photographing of the thought stream. Joyce, Lewis wrote, "thought in words, not images"⁷ and his conventionality in characterization was the mark of a craftsman rather than of a creator:

For it is ⁱⁿ the fragmentation of a personality--by isolating some characteristic weakness, mood, or time-self--that you arrive at the mechanical and abstract, the opposite of the living. This, however, leaves him free to achieve with a mass of detail a superficial appearance of life; and also to exercise his imitative talents without check where the technical problem is concerned.⁸

Lewis's concept of the creator is connected with his attention to the objects experienced either through perception on the 'pagan surfaces of the earth' or through examination of the objects or images portrayed by the artist. The technician or craftsman, as he calls Joyce, is much more concerned

with production than with the product. Just as involvement in the amorphous unconscious yields primitive babbling, "an emptiness of philosophic content, a poverty of new and disturbing observation",⁹ so the technician never really creates anything. The craftsman in words merely shuffles the counters of his abstractions, eternally returning to more words. Always 'In Progress', his work never produces an object for the mind:

What stimulates him is ways of doing things, and technical processes, and not things to be done. Between the various things to be done he shows a true craftsman's impartiality. He is become so much a writing-specialist that it matters very little to him what he writes, or what idea or world-view he expresses, so long as he is trying his hand at this manner and that, and displaying his enjoyable virtuosity.¹⁰

Lewis offers with his external approach to writing a point of view for both writer and reader that is free from the weaknesses he identified as those of the approach from within. Each of the issues he raises in his critical analyses of Joyce, loss of consciousness, failure of the observing mechanism, feigned naturalism, and abstraction, he specifically refers to again in his statement of his own approach.

To oppose the flux, Lewis set up the concrete as his medium of expression. As an epigraph to the first part of his Time and Western Man, he quoted A.N. Whitehead:

It is in literature that the concrete outlook of humanity receives its expression. Accordingly, it is to literature that

we must look, particularly in its more concrete forms, namely in poetry and drama, if we hope to discover the inward thoughts of a generation.¹¹

Lewis translates the materials of art into objects for the observing eye. Having created units of perception, he manipulates them before the eyes of the reader in some carefully-staged set of movements as a visual representation of ideas, of attitudes, and of individuals interacting. He bases his technique on the image, a metaphoric surrogate for what is seen:

...we wish to repose, and materially to repose, in the crowning human sense, the visual sense; and if it meant that we refuse (closing ourselves in with our images and sensa) to retire into the abstraction and darkness of an aural and tactile world, then it is true that our philosophy attaches itself to the concrete and radiant reality of the optic sense. That sensation of overwhelming reality which vision alone gives is the reality of 'common sense', as it is the reality we inherit from pagan antiquity.¹²

The two aspects of the physical object that Lewis emphasizes are its surface and its movement. "The ossature", he writes, "is my favourite part of a living animal organism. In contrast to the jelly-fish that floats in the centre...of the Unconscious, I much prefer...the shield of the tortoise, or the rigid stylistic articulations of the grasshopper."¹³ Again, Satire, the art of objective analysis and exhibition, ...is all constructed out of the dry shells and pelts of things. The surface of the visible machinery of life alone is used. The Quixotic technique--the wires that propel Volpone--the corybantics of Seithenin, in the pages of Peacock--

the bustling manners of the satiric art do not lend themselves to swamp-effects, and to the smudgings of aura-lined spirit-pictures. All is metallic--all is eternal.¹⁴

The creation of a Lewis figure is a deliberate selecting of detail from observed phenomena. It is as well an arranging of the visual data, each part of which has a significance to the construct Lewis has in mind. His puppets, as he calls them in The Wild Body, "are only shadows of energy, not living beings. Their mechanism is a logical structure and they are nothing but that."¹⁵ In both the creation and the understanding of this Lewis figure, the eye is all-important. "It is in the service of the things of vision that my ideas are mobilized."¹⁶ The eye is the primary organ of awareness of the external world, and the wisdom of the eye examines the cases and envelopes of matter:

For our only terra firma in a boiling and shifting world is, after all, our 'self'. That must cohere for us to be capable at all of behaving in any way but as a mirror--images of alien realities, or as the most helpless and lowest organisms, as worms or as sponges. ...this fixation shall be on something fundamental quite underneath the flux; and this will in no way prevent my vitality from taking at one time one form, at another another, provided, in spite of these occupations, on the surface of the different units of experience, the range of my sensibility to observe the first law of being, namely to maintain its identity; and that the shapes it chooses for experiment shall agree with that dominant principle....¹⁷

Lewis, as artist-visionary, first identifies the concrete object in its medium of dissolving matter. He then catalogues it analytically and later re-exhibits it in some

particular setting, as part of a large literary construct.

Lewis writes of his purpose in undertaking the analysis of the time philosophy in Time and Western Man, that he was developing a "system of detection where contemporary counterfeit, of all the 'revolutionary' kind, is concerned."¹⁸

Looking back, in his 1950 autobiography he wrote, "It was, after all, a new civilization that I--and a few other people--was making the blueprints for.... A rough design for a way of seeing for men who as yet were not there."¹⁹

CHAPTER ONE

ICONS

Lewis's technique in The Revenge for Love might be described as a sort of visual definition of characters and events in terms of patterns of imagery. These patterns of visual images I have called icons. Before examining particular icons, we should have some idea of the general relationship between particular elements in the visual field of the novel and the overall contours of the novel's action.

Lewis's eye picks out dominant features from the landscape of the novel and from the persons moving through it. He opens The Revenge for Love in Spain, in a landscape torn by Civil War. The novel traces the movements of Percy Hardcaster, a political prisoner in Spain, as he escapes and returns to the community of artists sympathetic to socialism yet safely established in bohemian Chelsea flats. Lewis first establishes the personalities of his characters by portraying them in their habitual settings. And then he describes the intermixing of these personalities against various backdrops. Thus, Lewis first presents the young artist Victor Stamp and his wife Margot alone in their London

flat. By so isolating them, he portrays their individual personalities and their relationship with each other free from the conformities of their social set. So too are Sean O'Hara and his wife Eileen initially presented: he barking orders into the telephone on his Bayswater balcony and she tossing bread to the sparrows swooping around her. Politicians and artists come together at a party given in honour of Percy by Sean O'Hara; and here Lewis introduces Tristram Phipps and his wife Gillian. With the artists Victor and Tristram and the politicians who surround Sean, Lewis explores the theme of appearance and reality underlying his use of visual definition. Characters in the novel modify their behaviour to accord with social roles dictated to them by a complex of forces. Lewis delineates these modifications through his consistent use of patterns of imagery. And his visual approach also serves to explore the kinds of forces which impel his characters to act.

PART A: BIRD/HONEY-DUCK

Had he [Sean O'Hara] been with Harold Hardrada in Sicily it would have been his brain that would have dispatched the Varangian fowlers to catch the small birds that flew out of the besieged town every day to the forests, and to attach smouldring wax vestas to their legs, that they might fire the thatches where they nested, and so smoke out the obstinate inhabitants. The malice of his bitterness against man--the ready access of his outcast mind to the

planes upon which small creatures have their being--would have led him to this device, and given him the standing of a magician.¹

The single most pervasive icon pattern in the novel is that of the bird. The extraordinary flexibility of the bird image is shown by the variety of contexts in which it appears in the novel, as the following survey indicates.

At the beginning of the second part of his novel, the 'Victor Stamp' section, Lewis describes the 'love-nest' of Victor and Margot and then narrows in to characterize the fragile, birdlike qualities of Margot:

Her head of a small wistful seabird, delicately drafted to sail in the eye of the wind, and to skate upon the marbled surface of the waves--with its sleek feathery chevelure, in long matted wisps--arched downward on its neck to observe Lord Victor. The rhythm of his heaves, in his sulky imposture of sleep, certainly approximated to the ocean. She hovered over him in her ecstasy of lovesickness, her eyes full of a dizzy gloating, rocked by the steady surge of his chest. Her eyes were almost popping out of her skull in the intensity of her desire to settle--to skim down and settle: to ride there and to be at rest!²

Margot even eats like a bird, both in her own home, where

"...she bit at a small biscuit"³ and out among strangers,

where she "pecked and nibbled herself at a small sandwich or

two...."⁴ Margot is for Victor a special, timid, unadventurous sort of bird:

Margot...reminded him always of that lovely and strange-plumaged bird that had floated down into the water, covered by his gun, but he could not fire on it because it seemed too gentle a thing to bludgeon with a bullet....

And he is anxious not to betray "the trustfulness of a bird that makes its nest against your window."⁵ While she is near Victor, Margot has the quality of frail dependence, coupled with an unwillingness to assert her own intelligence or initiative, for "...the small figure...belonged to Victor, who was its sun and its meridian."⁶ And again, Victor "reflected that he was poor Margot's universe."⁷

The bird pattern is all-pervasive. It includes every major character either directly or by implication. When Margot and Gillian are described as peewit and hawk, the reader thinks of their men in corresponding terms. Lewis's inclusion of Gillian in his bird imagery does more than swiftly sketch her character; it provides an effective foil for Margot and also establishes a parallel in the narrative that hints at the outcome of the Stamps' involvement with the Gillian Communists.

Gillian and Tristram Phipps live "...half buried alive in a bally bog, in two coffins of brick...their nest-above-the-sewers."⁸ Lewis's description of Gillian suggests quite another sort of creature from Margot. Whereas Margot is pitifully defenceless, Gillian is hard and predatory:

Gillian was dumb with a lofty horror of proud indignation, that made her bird-like beauty pass into a hawk's profile of almost malevolent passion of destruction directed towards the rank and file of the aviary around it.⁹

Prey and predator come together at Sean's party, in a scene where Lewis gives full play to the bird image. Margot pecks and nibbles at the party food and brings a plate along to Victor. She collides with Gillian. The food flies and an egg is dashed to the floor; Gillian scolds her:

The face of Gillian Phipps still wore the mask of a moody hawk, that it had acquired while she listened to the account of Hardcaster's ordeal by bed-pan. And now it was as a hawk--which has surprised perhaps a peewit in the act of carrying a worm to its young--that she stared down angrily at Margot Stamp.¹⁰

Victor's own universe is no more of his own shaping than Margot's is of hers, and both become victims of a worldly set of manipulators. At Sean's party, the politician Abershaw is caught by Margot as he forges Victor's signature to a letter. Abershaw later seeks her out with all the aplomb of a practised master in the art of deceit:

Abershaw sat down beside Margaret, with a duck-like clucking in the back-part of his throat--rather as if he had been a goose that had just laid a golden egg, and was quietly congratulating itself on the fact.¹¹

Lewis continues to employ bird imagery in his description of Margot's growing awareness of Abershaw's threat to her security:

There was no question but what the underworld of the half-real was getting out-of-hand. The creatures who had crept out of that false-bottom beneath all things were taking an interest in Victor. They were commencing to sniff around her precarious nest.¹²

The viability of this bird imagery remains undiminished in what Victor chose to call 'poor Margot's Universe'. But her sense of privacy and security increasingly gives way to an awareness of her perilous involvement in a political scheme whose propulsion and direction neither Victor nor Margaret herself can check. The imagery reflects this change, gradually projecting less and less innocence. In a peaceful moment, Margot still carries with her the innocent vulnerability she had had in the opening of this section of the novel:

Victor slept. In sleep he was heroic, with the balance of the High Renaissance in the proud dispersal of his limbs. He slumbered upon Sean's cushions as if upon iron clouds, in a Michelangesque abandon. Margot watched him, with the maternal patience of a tiny bird mounting guard over a giant cuckoo foisted upon it, which she loved more than the child of her own humble egg.¹³

Margot's removal from the London love-nest to Spain under civil war, however, destroys her frail grip on events. Margot's innocence and dependence on Victor are real. And Lewis's seabird icon for her evokes her waif-like qualities. But by schooling herself in a childish role derived from the fantasy world of Walt Disney fairy tales, Margot has become too fragile for the realities she has to face. In Spain, a landscape of vultures, her frailty is exposed. The incident of the Spanish dwarf confronts her with unpleasant realities she cannot cope with, and the Walt Disney honey-duck falters.¹⁴

She reacts desperately, with hysterical weeping and a ghastly smile:

...the honey-duck only nodded in answer, and continued to grin, like a honey-duck exposed to the effect of a non-stop wisecrack--like a Walt Disney honey-duck, cut out for life in dumbshow, upon a more expressive plane than that of hum-drum spacetime....

.

He perceived that her grimace was deeply grafted, and directed outward at nothing in particular--or at the nothingness which is all that is there, unless you conjure things up for yourself, and furnish this white screen with your private pictures. His poor angel bird, with all her hieratic Persian feathers, her stiff and cautious repertory of response, had been shot down by the dark Bowman! She had passed out, poor darling, and just pushed down--or had had pushed down for her--her rational self, and allowed this evil madonna to come up grinning to the surface of things, where we are all on our best behaviour, and go about to smile and to be polite.¹⁵

In this ruthless reality unaccommodated to Margot's illusions, Lewis's imagery of bird as prey gains forcefulness. It takes on a demonic irony as the dove turns into a shark and the honey-duck's mate into a decoy-duck:

...Margot still contemplated the patent car, built for the pawky racketeers. She grinned stupidly at this big murderous dove-grey body, all opened up, like the carcass of a captured shark, and now utterly shown up.

'We've been sent on a fool's errand, Marg.' ... 'My rôle was to be the decoy-duck!'¹⁶

PART B: CAMEL/HORSE

Margot's manufactured voice and studied attempt to fit herself into a society foreign to her indicate her close attention to the values of that society and to its supposed demands upon her. She has tried to mold herself into her own version of English womanhood. In contrast to Margot's straitening servility to an imagined or real demand on her individuality, Victor's disinterest in social norms stands out sharply. Like her, he is a foreigner in England, and he is disaffected both by English customs and by the current political fad of the English society. Margot says of Victor that "He was not their sort in politics, or even in nationality--he only had the status of a stranger."¹⁷ Throughout the novel, Victor stands out from the other characters. He remains silent through the long-winded political discussions of the other men, at most interjecting a terse remark that cuts through the woolly chattering about art and politics that is the only conversation of the Chelsea socialists he moves among. Victor's foreignness is not, indeed, even European; he is an Australian, further removed by temperament than Margot from the niceties of Anglo-Saxon intellectual discussions. He is 'one of those down under', who does not conform to social convention; and he "speaks a mouthful straight out of the

stomach as a man of guts should, and tells a twister where he gets off."¹⁸

Lewis's icon for Victor is the camel, the beast that will not be domesticated. The camel symbol appears in several Lewis books, always an emblem of the independent will. The camel represents the free agent in the political area in this passage from Lewis's autobiography, Rude Assignment:

The less a government is a positive necessity to people, the less they question the rule of force. People are much more like horses than they are like camels; they accept the harness and work for their day's oats very submissively on the whole.¹⁹

Lewis's interest in the camel probably began with his trip to North Africa in 1932, and in describing the men of the desert, he writes of the animals on which their lives depend.

...for six months of the year the camel does not work. He pastures. What that term, "to pasture", means, in a sand and salt steppe, is something that absolutely excludes what the European thinks of when you say "pasture" to him. On the camel's customary "pastures" he has a walk between any two mouthfuls--the little green plants he finds are far apart, and they are not emerald green. Sometimes they require his lips of leather to eat them at all. But the camel again is "much nearer to nature than the horse"; he is, in fact, an antelope, not so very different from Adax; and he has never become domesticated like the horse. When, in his brief stops in an oasis, he is locked up and fed on grain and dates, he will, it appears, roar with indignation at these constraints upon his liberty and that unnatural food. He needs the nourishment that is found in the so-called "pastures" and the great spaces of the desert.

Under these circumstances, if you see a camel in the middle of a steppe, you will know that however barren this

landscape looks to you, that for the half-wild antelope with the hump we call a camel...it is a "pasturage".²⁰

Whereas the bird icon considered in the foregoing section informs the imagery of much of the novel and is flexible enough to contain several characters, the camel icon is Victor's own and is used sparingly. Lewis suggests his image indirectly at first, through for example oblique reference to the old saw about 'the straw that broke the camel's back' in the following passage:

That the more intellectual rigours of design should have escaped him, he understood (very unwillingly). But this colour business! it was the last straw--he knew his back was as good as broken.²¹

Lewis makes a good deal as well of Victor's Australian background, in order to establish him as a creature of the hinterland, somehow out of place removed from the 'great spaces of the desert'. He is "this big rough fellow, so good a specimen of the stockman breed, taller than most over here, with his large bony good looks". And again, further emphasizing the roughness of the Australian, Lewis describes Victor's "almost ruffianly grin, the Botany Bay effect much deepened by his unshaven chin".²²

He carries with him throughout a sense of freedom in a world of social constrictions and organization. The horse-camel dichotomy is reworked in this passage, where Tristram

is viewed as a foil for Victor.

Peter's manner changed at once. He had two quite separate responses, one for Tristy (a sheep out of his own fold) and one for this wild goat out of the places of the wilderness....²³

Again, Victor is described as a 'surly mule, no doubt with a kick ready, too, for his benefactor' and as mule he has all the intractability of the camel. 'This human mule, just as vicious as they make 'em, might quite well bitch the picture just out of cussedness,'²⁴ These different images for Victor set him apart from every other character in the novel, just as the citizen who 'questions the rule of force' is unique in the society Lewis describes in the passage from Rude Assignment quoted above. They coalesce in one passage that emblemizes Victor powerfully, in the same way that all the qualities Sean displays are summed up in Lewis's passage on Harold Hardrada. The camel icon becomes inseparable from the reader's image of the man.

For better or for worse, these broad and hostile shoulders belonged to Nature, with her big impulsive responses, with her violent freedom, with her animal directness: unconservative, illogical, and true to her elemental self. He subscribed therefore to the larger scheme: the smaller, the watertight, the theoretic, the planning of men's logic, he repudiated. Like the camel, he must remain a creature of the wild, and never, like the horse, wholly submit to discipline.²⁵

Lewis's use of these icons in his representing the central characters of the novel has two major functions. The

swift sketch that contains both the physical stance and the intellectual attitude of the subject give the narrative its economy and conform to Lewis's view that only through the external approach can the fictionist approximate objective truth in his work.

In contrast to the jelly-fish that floats in the centre of the subterranean stream of the 'dark' Unconscious, I much prefer, for my part, the shield of the tortoise, or the rigid stylistic articulations of the grasshopper.²⁶

PART C: BABY/SCHOOLMASTER

They recited to each other, with the foolish conceit of children, lessons out of textbooks--out of textbooks concocted for them by professors with thick tongues in their treacherous cheeks, with a homicidal pedantry, in the jargon of a false science--such as might have been established by a defrocked priest of International Finance, for the amusement of an insane orphanage.²⁷

The icons function on several levels. They are primarily Lewis's means of describing the characteristic 'shield' or shell of an individual as economically as possible. Thus, the Lewis 'voice' introduces them to us in the narrative. Secondly, they are used in the dialogue between characters to show the way one character perceives another. Thirdly, they are used by one character in thinking about himself, for example, in Margot's thinking of herself as a bird, protecting her nest or wanting to settle. By means of these last two operations of the icon, Lewis can explore false or specious

images of character arising from deliberate falsification or faulty perception.

The icons for Percy Hardcaster shift through the novel in accordance with these differences in point of view. His icon reflects two different vulgarizations of his role. On the one hand, his detractors among the revolutionary elite perceive him as the wholly malleable irrational material the baby; on the other, he perceives his own function as that of the schoolmaster.

The icon for Percy, third major character in the novel, shifts from baby to schoolmaster. Each icon has its own character, and the importance of the vacillation in Percy's metaphor is that it shows the effect of point of view on the way one sees the Lewis figure. Given the importance of the eye in the experiencing of an artistic creation, it follows naturally that the position of the perceiver and his mental outlook will affect what he sees. The radical changes in Percy from moulder to materia, or from schoolmaster to dumb-ox, is an exploration of point of view in a technical sense. Like most of Lewis's technical tools, however, this method of iconic shift can be shown to have an important thematic meaning in addition to its formal function.

The baby is the icon of irresponsibility and lack of

awareness. It is the source material for the mature human creature, as yet unformed and without knowledge of its environment--save for the objects of its immediate needs. Thus, it is blind, petulant, and selfish. It can be mollified with those few simple things it has grown accustomed to having, and feels a strong sense of dependence in its protector and a sense of gratitude to the provider in its world. There are no real babies in the novel except for a Spanish baby who spits up bile at the baby-talking adults around him. The distinction between childish and childlike is an indication of the repulsion mature adults feel for individuals whose nursery-school antics are a wilful disregard for responsible behaviour and a fruitless attempt to regain the unsullied potentiality of their baby-days.

The schoolmaster is a figure out of the Nineteenth Century drawing room and nursery, given an ominous cast in a world where too much responsibility and power had been invested in him. The admonishing finger of the Victorian Uncle is overshadowed by the naked fist of the haranguing demagogue. Lewis writes in The Art of Being Ruled, 1926, that the chronic dissatisfaction of the scientific or philosophic mind with the mental capacities of the ordinary man is being vulgarized by the schoolmaster-ruler figure, whose "hatred of stupidity"

and "vulgarization of disgust"²⁸ can only lead to a deadening of the general sensibility and an implacably exploitive standard of conduct among the rulers. Whole societies, as Lewis saw it, were being turned into classrooms or nurseries, a vast "educationalist state", monitored by a smug elite. Few members of the society, Lewis suggests, would have the will or the intellect to project their own ideas in opposition to the status-quo, and gradually the ability to make independent judgement might atrophy. Lewis envisioned a whole new concept of education arising out of a kind of tacit agreement among ordinary people and the intellectual class: the agreement that, the doctrine of progress having been exploded, the mass of society must accept its underdog position. The ideologies expedient to the interests of the elite were then to be the new mythology of the simple man. And for these ideas that he had been trained to believe in in his schoolroom or in his own home, harangued by the popular Press and radio, he could be counted on to go to war. His opponents would be automata of a similar order, although their mythology sang of different heroes.²⁹

The familiar, kindly face of the schoolmaster was to be the trainer of the New European, and was to smash the old images in creating a man for the new age. But his creation

was in fact, a re-arrangement of all the old bits, a patched-up version of familiar forms.³⁰ Lewis stated his case in an extreme form, as the logical extremity of the tendencies he saw around him. This deriving the essential significance of a particular phenomenon and exhibiting it as a metaphor or icon of concept and object together is the technique of the objective approach. It can be seen working in his political and social analyses: The Art of Being Ruled and The Doom of Youth, for example, as well as in his fiction. He exhibited metaphorically in his novels the attitudes and physical stance of the schoolmaster figures he saw at work in the period between the two World Wars.

Before turning back to The Revenge for Love, I should like to examine briefly the qualities of the live schoolmasters who served in part as the model for the schoolmasters in the novels. In a world in which the "eternal ABCD is the only music that...would greet a visitor from another planet"³¹ the person at the front of the room has, initially, a rather likeable air about him. Everyman can become a Professor Higgins; with sufficient training and a bluff self-confidence, one could become that miraculous transformer of human potential. Yet Higgins's creation is a hybrid misfit off-stage, whatever her successes on. And Shaw himself, Lewis writes,

"For all his lifetime of raillery and scolding...has not realized quite what sort of animal he is talking to."³² This isolation from his charges, and a tendency to deal in abstractions imposed on him by his job, lead to the schoolmaster's intolerance and ultimately to a brutalization of his own character. Lewis wrote that Shaw and Bertrand Russell, for all their air of kindness, had a fundamental pessimism in their attitudes towards the 'people' and a tendency to be blind to values beyond their own abstractions. By seeing Everyman as a Yahoo, whose domestication to the parlour world of abstraction is doomed to only limited success, Shaw and Russell, Lewis suggests, are "ferocious" misanthropes.³³

Percy Hardcaster, as a proselyte to the abstraction of social revolution, is a Marxist schoolmaster in the rough. His self image is that of a cynical technician in the revolution and war industries. He is, he says, a propagandist first, a transmitter of the ideas and slogans of the Party. His glasses and upper-dog stare³⁴ are an early clue to the role he has chosen for himself. Again, he delivers a Communist lesson to Gillian later in the story, and seems to expect that she will accept the teacher's advice gratefully, as would any dutiful student. The punning on his name throughout the novel is an indication of his own history. The hard

cast he has extruded about himself is the protective case or shell the soft organism creates for his self-preservation. His name, then, invokes the role he wants to play. Lewis's use of the imagery of liquids and of shapes being cast in them indicates the significance of the hard - cast pun. Again, his stump serves as a kind of hard emblem of his implacable loyalty to the cause of socialism in Spain. All these images of hardness and Lewis's use of the term schoolmaster establish one side of Percy's appearance in the novel.

Percy's total inability to understand any figure representing common humanity, or as Lewis calls it in his essay on Hemingway, "the dumb-ox", qualifies him as a schoolmaster. There are examples throughout the novel of his complete involvement in ideology and abstraction at the expense of knowledge of the class he presumes to be saving. His reaction to the sex-automaton Jack Cruze is one such example. Percy regards him with the scorn his position as wounded martyr affords, and expects of him all the admiration his leftist loyalty deserves. But Jack, the faun-like natural creature and sexual predator, is a man unaffected by politics and abstractions. He sees, with the clarity of Margot, the falseness of the Tristram Phipps sort of Chelsea socialism.³⁵ Again, Percy's treatment of Margot indicates his isolation

from the 'dumb-ox' sensibility.

But the clue Lewis provides in the first section of the novel is the most compelling proof of Percy's lack of sympathy and understanding of the simple mind of the peasant. Josepha de la Asunción has the mechanical dumb eloquence of the simple peasant type; and when confronted with her, the Civil Guard Don Alvaro can only find her a puzzle and an unknown quantity.³⁶ Her movements and her responses are unmistakably those of humanity in the raw, before it is schooled by the agents of an abstraction:

She was walking very slowly: she was walking with the orthodox majesty of the women of those districts--their skulls flattened with heavy pitchers--with a hieratic hip-roll that bore her away....³⁷

Her eyes still stared, with their hypnotic animal gaze. And now like a sleepwalker the girl wheeled in front of him, as if in ceremonial dumbshow; and the great clockwork hips, setting up their sleepy swaying, in a stately slowtime march bore her out of the hall. Don Alvaro...felt he could trust this instrument, upon which he had played--como no!--as a master, and dismissed it of its fatal tasks full of the awful music of his deep implacable voice, to subdue it to his will.³⁸

To Percy, to Don Alvaro, and to the political prisoners who address her in the jargon of the revolution, this creature of nature can only respond with her emotions. She bursts in-to tears or nods her head, but can find no words to communicate with these, her masters.

In that he exhibits a careless disregard for the 'dumb-ox' he encounters, Percy shows himself to be of the school-

master order. His cynicism and adherence to a very small set of abstractions qualify him as well for the ruling class of trainers and manipulators. But Percy is in fact, a vacillating figure. He, as the end of the Spanish adventure shows, is marked down for slaughter with the rest of the simple breed of men who are the materia of the shaping will. Percy as dumb-ox, is represented by the icon baby, a term that is applied to him by Lewis and by Percy's political mentors.

That Percy is still a "big fat kid of forty, in the Revolutionary game"³⁹ is an indication that the hardening process and schoolmasterly image is not yet very far advanced. His pinkness and fatness get repeated play in the opening sections of the novel, in ironic juxtaposition with his hard-boiled remarks and lack of sympathy with the peasant girl. Lewis thus establishes from the start the two poles of Percy's character and ties them closely to the thematic significance of the superficial hardening process and its relation to the world of abstraction. Initially, then, alongside Percy's claim that "All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient!",⁴⁰ Lewis lays the image of the British navvy who has not quite turned Marxist schoolmaster.

His big fat face of bold baby-scarlet--with the soft fretful pleats of the teething time, and a portentous pianist's frown of the bib-and-bottle epoch on top of that--scowled....⁴¹

Percy loses his glasses during the novel, and he sees the world with his own eyes from then on. Lewis writes that he began to see with eyes that were unnaturally large, as if he had to take in more of the world than ever.⁴² This shift in the visual image of Percy parallels the development of a theme through the narrative. All the qualities of the baby, shown by the dumb-ox mechanical peasant girl that Percy had ignored, he comes to manifest himself by the end of the novel. Her mechanical movements and lack of conventional expression are not to be interpreted as a lack of individuality or concreteness in her person. Rather, they are the natural expression of a real figure whose mode of communication is meaningless to the abstracting mind of the political prisoners and their guard--all of whom are indistinguishable in their adherence to abstractions and ideologies. The unreality of the world of the political adherent is demonstrated in Percy's own reaction to the world of Nature:

And of all cursed things, there was the beautiful night--a source of profound irritation to Percy as was all beauty upon all such occasions.... He could not support the placid night outside! ... If he was not to be lulled into forgetfulness of social injustice, he must never allow himself to play the artist!⁴³

The sense of individuality that comes of thought and sensation freed of preconceived patterns superimposed on them, is the gift of the man whose ideas have not become fanatically

isolated from the social community and from the challenge of other ideologies. That is the significance, probably, of Percy's new outlook; for he can no longer be deceived by appearances or labels once he has given up his illusions both about his role in society and about the leaders of the party he had formerly respected:

One should keep a civil tongue in one's head too, when one is conversing with the ruling party, whether calling themselves Communists or possessed with any other fad, and whether penniless or bloated with dividends. And one shouldn't kiss what one can't respect, except in a brothel--that is a golden rule I think.⁴⁴

One of the Spanish political organizers, Mateu, finds Percy's concern for Victor's welfare a lapse into immaturity. He calls Percy a baby, implying by that term only the negative side of the baby-metaphor.⁴⁵ He uses the term merely to suggest the ignorance and wilfulness of a child, or a deliberate refusal to conform to the patterns laid out for his behaviour. Percy is indeed a baby in the sense that he joins the ranks of all those whose destinies are controlled by others. Lewis put this point very succinctly in a letter written in 1941: "I am sure that Germans, not rubber or oil, is the raw material Herr Hitler will have need of before he has done."⁴⁶

In the last scene of the novel, Lewis demonstrates the economy and dramatic force of his iconic technique, by drawing together Percy's two icon patterns into one powerful

image. In it Percy's mask of authority and the weeping eye of his compassion compete for control. In the world of the novel there is no alternative to these two extremes, and the tragic strength of Hardcaster is that he could give himself to neither:

And the eyes in the mask of THE INJURED PARTY dilated in a spasm of astonished self-pity, and down the front of the mask rolled a sudden tear, which fell upon the dirty floor of the prison.⁴⁷

CHAPTER TWO

SETTINGS

Built for coolness, the convent-room turned cell possessed no window, in the European sense. There was only a vertical slit upon the street-frontage. This was a ventilated recess, as it were; widened within, for the diameter of the wall, into a triangular niche, in which a figure of a saint might have featured. And at present Don Percy occupied it, cooling his hot buttocks upon its stone sill.¹

As Lewis wrote in The Caliph's Design. Architects!

Where is Your Vortex?, the human animal creates its own characteristic box of space to suit its needs:

The life of the Crowd, of the Plain Man, is external. He can live only through others and outside himself. Then he, in a sense, is the houses, the railings, the public statues, the churches, the roadhouses. His beauty and justification is in the superficial life of all that he sees.²

His treatment of space in The Revenge for Love amplifies these remarks, for in the novel, the characters and groups of characters define themselves by their dwellings and play-areas.

The icons under examination in the foregoing section of this study of Lewis are the last step in an often deliberate process of an individual's defining himself as stereotyped image. Tristram Phipps, "dreamy Tristy",³ voices a fear of precisely the sort of visual definition Lewis employs throughout the novel. Lewis's strategy throughout is that of the

satirist seeking awareness of "the dry shells and pelts of things", in order to perceive more clearly events and figures in an age of transition. But this awareness Tristram finds repellant: "...it is lucky men's characters are not expressed externally, in that hard and fast way. If our uniforms were our skins!"⁴

The immediate uniform of the individual is his physical appearance; the extrinsic uniform is his house or physical setting. The skin of Percy, chameleon-like, is his uniform changing with a variety of situations. His name, Hardcaster, defines his role. There is continual play throughout the novel on this name. Lewis uses imagery of liquids and casting shapes to suggest Percy's attempts to cast himself into a shape appropriate to a dramatic situation. To act and to make decisions is a difficult discipline, and in the following passages, Lewis contrasts insecurity and indecision on the one hand with power and will. The imagery is of the liquid and the hard-edged shape cast out of it:

...Percy was not a front fighter or anything of that nature, but rather a careerist of the propaganda section: wielding the pen, not the pistol.

As it was, the misgivings expressed by Serafin had had three hours to take action, tending to liquefaction, upon cuticle and intestine: then the oppressive heat had not improved matters. Liquefaction was complete. Percy was an aqueous shell.⁵

"But if I am going to be moved from here to-morrow, there is no time to be lost! All the more reason to get

out to-night!'

'Certainly!' agreed Serafin. That is why I have left it to you.'

Percy, the onus on him, bubbled up, and the die was cast.⁶

Percy's name is played with by both Jack and Margot:

'Who, Victor, is Percy--what is it?--Hard-caster?' she asked. 'Percy--Percy Hard--'

'Percy Hardcaster'.

'What a strange name.'⁷

He was wondering if he'd heard the name aright and if it really was Hard Caster. That must be communist for something. He heard someone else say it, and he heard it again. It certainly sounded like Hard Caster.⁸

The use of cast and hard are part of Lewis's exploration of the effect of deliberate masking on the relations between people in the novel. In his description of the encounter between Percy and Gillian, he indicates the impersonality of individuals who have created hard-surfaced abstractions out of themselves.

Percy looked at her fixedly, through a long, constipated and angry silence. Always collected and cool, however flushed his volatile cuticle, this shell of the rational man had a considerable strain put on it, as Percy gazed as if interrogating a well-connected sphinx--the rough side of whose tongue it had been his lot to attract to himself.⁹

This immediate shell of the individual is superseded by a succession of confined and confining spaces that delimit his activities. Lewis wrote an article for the Architectural Review in which he examines the sorts of living spaces offered the 'Plain Home-Builder' by the architects of his age. Neither

the box nor its contents were designed, he wrote, to fit the needs of particular kinds of people nor the public at large. In this article, as in his The Caliph's Design, he shows his awareness of the need for matching the 'box' with the creature it houses.

...I do not think that...the Plain Home-builder choosing an architectural box to live in and choosing "antique" furnishings on the one hand, or modernistic furnishings on the other, with which to line his nest...has yet received quite the fairest answer possible....¹⁰

In the novel, he very carefully describes the kinds of settings his characters have created around themselves and invites the reader to examine the fictional creations in their natural habitats.

The novel begins and ends with Percy Hardcaster in a Spanish prison. He is a "caged man", contained by an official repository for political miscreants. With the aplomb of a man who knows his place and who knows the implications of his actions, Percy accepts the prison cell as his fitting home:

There was even a certain crisp logic about finding himself back in a Spanish prison which appealed to him--it was so grim that it had a logical fitness.... It was what the trench was for the Tommy.¹¹

The tension between containment and freedom gets wider play in Lewis's treatment of the Victor Stamp figure. As the representative of physical freedom, Victor is the Australian of the wide open spaces who chafes at any domesticating

restriction. He throws his arms wide, like an energetic young animal in the Chelsea flats and studios of his companions.¹² Even in his relationship to Margot, he is the larger and freer sphere which contains her. He regards himself as "poor Margot's Universe". England he describes as "this damp little doll's house of a country, with a perpetual cold in the head".¹³ And in this doll's house, he quite self-consciously plays Torvald Helmer to Margot's Nora.

A survey of the settings for the novel's action is a catalogue of a succession of box-like containments. From Percy's prison cell, the action moves to the Stamp's little flat and then to Jack's office. Tristram and Gillian live in "two coffins of brick"¹⁴ half sunk in the mud of the Thames. Sean O'Hara enters the novel in his covered Bayswater balcony. It is in O'Hara's apartment-studio that all the characters come together. But here the four walls of these containing spaces are shown to give an only superficial surety. Lewis recalls the theme of the 'false bottom' here to underline the unreality of the cases his characters have built around themselves.

The Revenge for Love, Lewis wrote in his autobiography Rude Assignment, was originally titled "False Bottoms"; but the title was altered at his publisher's request before the

book appeared in print.¹⁵ The original title, however much it flaunts the dictates of etiquette, was very expressive of the book's theme and content. The false bottom is Lewis's metaphor for the sham and masquerade at work throughout the novel. He weaves it or its cognates into every major passage.

The false bottom theme is introduced on the first page, with Don Alvaro's categorical "...we are only free once in our lives. That is when at last we gaze into the bottom of the heart of our beloved and find that it is false--like everything else in the world!"¹⁶ The false-bottomed basket which betrays Percy into attempting escape from prison opens Lewis's exploration of appearance and reality in the novel. For here, as in later examples, the illusion of protection deceives and betrays its unwitting victims.

Lewis combines the containing box and the false bottom in the party scene at Sean O'Hara's house:

Throughout it was panelled, in an unbroken plane, up to the ceiling, with three-ply, of a deep tawny buff. And the walls were honeycombed with cupboards, of which only the locks were visible.... But narrow doors likewise, here and there, announced the presence of larger recesses. And there were certainly cubicles behind the panelling upon the side opposite to the massive windows.¹⁷

Margot's response to this honeycombed construct is that of a test-animal in a psychologist's laboratory. Confronted by the perversity of a dwelling turned maze, she tests out the false

passages and probes the sham walls, growing increasingly anxious:

As she became accustomed to this very large empty apartment, Margot had felt that she was moving about the inside of an immense box. It was a box that had false sides to it and possibly a false bottom: for she was not at all sure that she was not treading upon trapdoors and the masked heads of shafts, as well as leaning against a hollow wall, in a deceptive security. She speculated as to what this dark and dwarfish little Irish fellow kept hidden in the recesses of his walls. With a finger concealed behind her back, lest she should appear 'nosey', she tapped the panelling and everywhere she found that it was an artificial limit, and not in fact the real wall --as it would have been in a straightforward room--with which she was in contact.¹⁸

Peeping around corners and slipping into the recesses behind the sliding panels--unguessed at by the others at the party--Margot explores the habitat of the Fakers.

By laying out an array of façades, the Fakers themselves evade examination. They appear and disappear at will like stage illusionists. Creatures out of "a Caligari's drug-cabinet", they spring from nowhere and enter into conversation, only to whisk out of sight again immediately.

'I don't like that man Abershaw!' she said.

'Don't you, Mrs. Stamp?' said Abershaw--the astonished and somewhat indignant voice reaching her from far overhead. She saw the flap of a familiar greenish trouser-leg and knew that it was he. Where had he sprung from? Like a Jack-in-the-box, he might at this moment have shot up from a trap at her feet, and be talking to her there up in the air, all in one movement.¹⁹

Abershaw then engages in conversation with Victor and concludes with businessman's 'Think it over. And let me

know." Then suddenly, this "negation of a person" disappears again: "He was gone. And Victor remained sprawled back against the panelling."²⁰ Lewis handles these shadow persons in camera, as if they were the figures of shadow puppetry, defined by the light that briefly outlines them to the audience in front of the screen. Margot's reported thoughts and observations provide the continuity through most of the party scene. Through her eyes the reader's attention is directed from one area of the scene to another, and he discerns the action sequences in quick flashes. The sliding panels of Sean's house serve as scene dividers for these tableaux.

Lewis uses as well a kind of spotlighting technique to isolate his settings. The spotlight picks out areas of activity against a dark backdrop. In the forgery scene, Lewis describes the masking power of darkness; and points to the cunning of the Fakers in working under cover of the unreal:

Abershaw quickly reached across the sheet of paper and collected, just outside the radius of the light of the lamp, another sheet, much smaller in size, which [Margot] had noticed lying there. This he thrust into his pocket. The retrieval of this subsidiary sheet, from the outer darkness, had been effected by Abershaw with the suggestion of the manipulative deftness of the conjurer, poker-faced and lightning-fingered.²¹

It is this withdrawal of real objects into the dark that gives the Fakers their power over their unperceptive gulls. Their swift comings and goings so confuse the memory and intelligent

judgement, that Margot experiences only an undefined sense of uneasiness. "Her mind strained, in an inward tension, to seize exactly what it all might mean, or might portend."²²

The next setting for the novel's action is that underworld of art, the Van Gogh factory, "this particular false-bottom to the dream of Beauty."²³ In it Victor and Tristram, astride their drawing donkeys, engage in the counterfeiting of art. But Victor, whose law is the preservation of the self, remains inviolate even in this compromising setting. Lewis emphasizes here again the elusive, unreal qualities of those involved in the faking game in contrast to the obtrusiveness of Victor. The very setting of the action mirrors this tension between the real and the unreal, the surface and the façade. The factory manager suits his function from the skin in, with his false-bottomed face which "obviously terminated a short distance below the line of the lower lip: and what was palpably a bogus jaw had been superadded, for some not very evident purpose, by inscrutable nature; unless, of course, he had grown it himself, in the progress of his mortal career, for ends which, again, were none too clear."²⁴

Movement in this factory of the unreal is correspondingly vague:

If, on the principle of to fade out, you could say to fade in, then that would describe tolerably well Tristy's manner of introducing himself into a room, where other people were present,

and sinking among them with the opposite of a resounding splash.²⁵

Stamp's movements, by contrast, are those of an obdurate entity among indeterminate presences. An "obtuse lump that could not be digested into this select universe, marked off by these four walls,"²⁶ Victor is incapable of the anonymity of his Faker-teachers:

Stamp moved. The workshop was shocked with the impatient revolution of a heavy body, ominously flung over from the left haunch to the right haunch, and the guttural rasping of the suddenly shifted legs of a stool.²⁷

Like Margot, he will confront the only technically real and force a "showdown, between a shadow and a man of flesh and blood."²⁸ Resisting the façade world of the Van Gogh factory, he punches his foot through the pseudo-surface of his false creation.

And throwing the picture down against the wall, he trod into the centre of it, putting all his weight upon the foot which tore through the canvas, the ragged edges of the gap gripping him about the calf. He shook the thing off his leg, and, as it lay on the floor now, trod his heel down into an undamaged corner.²⁹

Unlike the Fakers, Victor rejects disguise totally, rather than simply shifting from one pose to another. The Van Gogh disguise in which he glared at himself for a fake self-portrait is his "trapper's fur bonnet" with a bandage on his "operatic ear",³⁰ and he strips it off clean. As the Fakers and their tools resume work, Victor, "the stupid side of

creation",³¹ takes himself off.

Lewis's false-bottom theme recurs in the last section of the novel, again underlining the destructivity of pseudo-surface. In the dramatic rush of the automobile across the border into Spain, Victor and Margot are once more enclosed in a box. Describing Margot's apprehension on entering Spain, Lewis draws together the images of the party scene by restating the treacherousness of a surface which gives the appearance of solidity and walls which shift to trap persons caught within them. He gives this description powerful accuracy of location by referring to that peculiarly Spanish box with false sides, the *autodafé*:

So with growing apprehension she had trod this sullen soil. Here there was nothing but a false and deceptive surface. Even its touristic blandishments savoured of deceit. She felt that she had engaged upon the crust of something that concealed a bottomless pit, which bristled with uniformed demons, engaged in the rehearsal of a gala Third Degree, to be followed by a slap-up *autodafé*, for the relaxation of Lucifer.³²

The soil or crust of Spain is liable to be blown up any moment, and the whole political unrest of the country at this time is summed up in Don Alvaro's comparison of England and Spain:

...two countries going rotten at the bottom and at the top, where the nation ceased to be the nation--the inferior end abutting upon the animal kingdom, the upper end emerging in the international abstractedness of men--where there was no longer either Spanish men or English men, but a gathering of individuals who were nothing.³³

Over the rust-red soil of the flat Spanish road, Victor

and Margot are carried by the "dove-grey car...leaping at it, in powerful elastic bounds, of transatlantic nervosity."³⁴

This car is a kind of coffin-shaped projectile, moving at a murderous rate through the flat landscape. The machine that contains and dwarfs its two passengers has an enormous and uncheckable power: "It was this machine--it would not stop: he was attached to a plunging twenty-ton magnet, which rushed to meet the lifted gun."³⁵ The car has its function in the game of running guns over the border, but here once more, as in the case of the basket, its function is an ironic betrayal of those it is designed to protect. The false bottom plays Victor and Margot false.

Suddenly she laughed shrilly, as the mischievous resource of the cunning bootleggers appeared violently to her as exquisitely odd. They certainly were a sporting crowd, their feet on the sham decks of their machines, passing themselves off as blameless joyriders. And she and Vic were following in their footsteps--squatting up there together on their false-bottomed vehicle all the time. She could not suppress a laugh, she could not really. It was too killing.³⁶

Again, when the Fakers' deceit is fully revealed, it is Margot who recognizes the ghastly irony of their situation. She sees the murderousness of the dove-grey car and the final revenge for love.

She grinned stupidly at this big murderous dove-grey body, all opened up, like the carcass of a captured shark, and now utterly shown up. ... And at last she laughed outright at the absurdity of it. She laughed loudly and without restraint. A false bottom--a false bottom on wheels; but all full of

nothing at all, except packing paper and bricks! She went on laughing. ... She went on laughing more and more.³⁷

The final instance of Lewis's use of the false-bottom theme in the physical settings of The Revenge for Love is in the death of the Stamps. Percy in his prison cell reads the headline, TWO OF THE GANG. CONTRABANDISTAS. DEAD. A POST-MAN. PRECIPICE. Margot and Victor had walked over a precipice, the false bottom in nature, during a storm.³⁸

Lewis's fundamental concern with the externals of things, with the shapes emerging out of the flux, has been thoroughly worked into the texture of his novel's physical settings. The sham of individuals masking themselves he represents with his visual icons; the deceit protecting the Fakers he represents through his exploration of the false-bottoms in the novel's physical settings. In the next section of this examination of the novel, I shall set out the voices, gestures, and actions of the characters moving within their box-like containers.

CHAPTER THREE

VOICES

The expression of the soul of the dumb ox would have a penetrating beauty of its own, if it were uttered with genius --with bovine genius...just as much as would the folk song of the baboon, or of the 'Praying Mantis'.¹

Lewis's characters have appeared in this study of The Revenge for Love primarily as visual objects or icons. But just as the eye discerns the quality of a character from its appearance and location, so the ear discerns character from voice. Part of Lewis's technique in the novel is to define his creations by their particular voices, as well as by their skins and pelts.

Central to his treatment of voice in the novel is his distinction between the voice of the natural creature devoid of artifice and that of the faker manufacturing his guise. Lewis gives Percy Hardcaster and Margot Stamp voices which bridge these two extremes, as each character in a critical dramatic situation is forced to abandon his contrived voice. In a crisis, the natural voice can no longer be muffled.

Josefa de la Asunción, whose rhythmically-rolling clockwork hips set her off as a representative of the natural order, speaks the language of gesture. This "slowly

trampling contraption"² can do no more than echo the words of her interrogating political masters. Her only direct communication is the grimace and the bawl. Staring with insane fixity and eyes "at the full stretch of mesmerized alarm", she is drawn into the political drama of Don Alvaro.³ In her panic, she loses control of her facial expression and words give way to animal sounds and mindless weeping.

A moan that was half a growl breaking from her crimson lips, she had stepped back, bowing her head, but still sustaining his threatening gaze--the big arabesques of her expressionless eyes revolving upwards as her head sank, beneath tightly knitted brows. Large tears detached themselves, and crashed down her cheeks.⁴

Confronted with the brusque demands of the foreigner Percy, this "brutish daughter of the people...flung at him a glance that was a terrible dumb expostulation."⁵ Continued questioning provokes a torrent of weeping, but this direct emotional communication is meaningless to the schoolmasterly Percy. She is the dumb natural creature whose sobs he sees only as "an incomprehensible storm, blowing out of the eyes and mouth of this beastly woman." Hers is the voice of the dumb-ox, "organ notes of grief and the great female billowing of her doubtless milky bust."⁶ In his role of dialectician-schoolmaster, Percy cannot respond to this cry of animal terror.

The voice of the natural creature is echoed by Jack,

who was "so natural as to be strange; and he belonged from the start rather to the order of nature than to the human order--a fawn in schoolboy's clothing."⁷ Josefa responded with a simple peasant's alarm at the brutal wranglings of the political world. Jack's response to the society of the Chelsea socialists has a similar artlessness. Like Josefa, he is physically arresting, "built on heavy country lines",⁸ and his character is expressed in his laugh--"the joy-ring in the voice's note...alert and strident."⁹ Jack's function in the company of political players is as limited as was Josefa's. His unrepentant sexuality is a fascinating display of archaic emotion that alternately disgusts and entertains them. His animal call is meaningless to Gillian, who provokes his crudest responses and then perversely plays a literary game with them:

Jack thrust out his neck and suddenly gave forth a tremendous and deafening crow.

'The escaped cock!' Gillian laughed pointing at him. 'The escaped cock--well, I'm damned! Have you read Lawrence? What a good sound that is! Do it again!'

Seeing that this accomplishment was well received, Jack crowed again, two or three times.¹⁰

Regarding him as a representative of the "backboneless, mindless mob"¹¹ she despises, Gillian keeps this "limb of nature"¹² in his place by encouraging only the crudest expressions of his energetic spirit. She channels his animal energies

to fight her battles for her, turning the crowing rooster on command into a fighting cock.

The two stock figures, of such a Saxon sameness, of breadth and of pigment, Old Percy and Old Jack, confronted one another, pausing to measure the five foot eight of proletarian massiveness opposite each, a dull thick match, tissue for tissue, in a sort of Box and Cox melodrama.¹³

In The Wild Body, Lewis identified the qualities of a type of humanity free from abstractions. It is "that small, primitive, literally antediluvian vessel in which we start out on our adventures."¹⁴ Again, "The Wild Body is this supreme survival that is us, the stark apparatus with its set of mysterious spasms; the most profound of which is laughter."¹⁵ In The Revenge for Love, this primitive Wild Body has become the Barrikadenfodder of the class war. Both Jack and Josefa are identified by their guileless movements and voices as members of the dumb-ox class, those to whom things are done.

This is the voice of the 'folk', of the masses, who are the cannon fodder, the cattle outside the slaughterhouse, serenely chewing the cud--of those to whom things are done, in contrast to those who have executive will and intelligence. It is itself innocent of politics--one might almost add alas! That does not affect its quality as art. The expression of the soul of the dumb-ox would have a penetrating beauty of its own, if it were uttered with genius--bovine genius....¹⁶

In The Revenge for Love the power-game of politics, dealing in collective abstractions, turns to the dumb-ox as its war matériel.

Gillian Phipps, "this Communist girl born in the ambassadorial purple",¹⁷ is the prototype of the faker. Her stagey leftist mouthings are spoken in an affected drawl, patronizing and accented by hard-boiled laughter. Lewis's description of her mouth is a ghastly image of the woman's destructiveness:

Her lips hung outside her face, in a scarlet pout, as if it was the inside of something slit open with a scalpel like the surgeons use, and that had curled out on opposite sides where the knife went in.¹⁸

In sharp contrast to the natural voices of Jack and Josefa, Gillian's voice is harshly artificial. Hers is an unmusical laugh whose hard edge cuts into the animal assurance of her would-be lover.

Gillian laughed--hers was a hard-boiled laugh sure enough, and [Jack] always preferred it when she didn't laugh too much at a time. It was throwing cold water on his kind of affectionate feelings for her, laughing like that, and he didn't like her doing it, and always wished she'd stop.¹⁹

Her voice has the chill, unnatural quality of deliberation, dampening Jack's impulsive feelings. "The pale cast of something abstract had fallen upon this pagan soul and no mistake."²⁰

She and the rest of her set speak in "big, braying, upper-class voices, with top-dog notes, both high and low."²¹ Effectively, Gillian's voice is unreal. Her role-playing gives her a hollow ring of artificiality, a merely technical reality. Margot, hearing the highbrow drawls of these Salon

reds, was aware of their mechanical tone and fundamental unreality. "They could only browbeat you like a gramophone, or impose on you like the projections on the screen of the cinema."²² The fakers as a class have an affective ingenuousness, intended to distract the mind from their manipulations:

'You wouldn't have to forge the signatures!' cried Abershaw, in a sudden explosion of almost frenzied roguishness. 'Only the pictures!'²³

Even in weeping, the faker Gillian exposes the mechanics of her behavior:

Back in the flat, Gillian flung herself down and, with the deliberation of a person turning on a bathroom tap, wept into her hands. A couple of ounces of water, perhaps, were discharged by her tear-ducts, and flowed down between her fingers. She felt better.²⁴

Percy Hardcaster's vacillation in the novel between the mechanical, schoolmaster figure and the baby is reflected in his styles of speech. Like Gillian, he can assume a role and adopt a way of speaking to fit it, as when he barks out at the sobbing Josefa, "as if addressing a refractory animal that would understand its master's voice and nothing else--taking a quick step towards her, in serio-comic menace--flashing out at her through his schoolmasterly glasses a good upper-dog glare...."²⁵ A prison courtyard is the scene for the following operatic sequence, as burlesque politicians herald one of their kind:

In his shirt-sleeves, his stout arms bare to the elbow, with silver-rimmed spectaceles, large feet, he was conspicuous among the Spanish prisoners--a British navy turned Marxist schoolmaster: and as he took a few steps out now into the sunlit court several voices exclaimed at once:

Chorus of Terrorists

'Olé---Percilito!'

'Percy, chico, ven acá!'

'Mira---Percilito!'

*

Complacently breasting this spontaneous ovation--for which his private qualities as well as Britannia were plainly responsible--this little plump miniature lion that had crept out of the belly of the big stuffed British Lion whose roar rattles the Seven Seas, strolled forward, his two brick-red paws stuffed into his trouser-pockets.²⁶

Lewis's mock-heroic style in this passage emphasizes the emptiness of the politician's bombast and pomp. As a complacent hero of the marxists' melodrama in Spain, Percy speaks in flat tones. His laugh is a "short bark of superior disdain."²⁷ Mechanically delivered, his lessons in communist ethics are dry and lifeless. Percy had mastered the art of the propagandist and thus could mechanically reproduce the line best suited to the Party's needs.

As Lewis wrote in The Art of Being Ruled, the human being nourished upon abstractions and political catch-phrases becomes an automaton. Percy's style of argument has all the turgidity and self-congratulatory air of Lewis's political

automaton.

Percy frowned gravely--it was obvious that in such a matter of such international moment he was anxious that nothing should be said to distort, or to weigh unduly, upon one side or the other, the evidence (direct or indirect, substantive or contingent, intrinsic or extrinsic, parole or under seal).... Or if Percy was to be a party in the action, then Percy was prepared to march forward through Rejoinder, Surrejoinder, Rebutter, and Surrebutter, holding aloft, with steady hand, the exact image of truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me Lenin!²⁸

This transformation of the intelligent creature into an automatic mouther of slogans is the negation of the natural animal principle. Percy as a transmitter of Party politics is in fact an alien to nature. "There was not only the fact that Nature was blind to the intellectual beauties of the Social Revolution, and deaf to the voice of Conscience; there was also the fact that Nature required a spartan watchfulness on the part of the revolutionary, tending to clip the wings of Percy's more civilized muse, the non-party mind."²⁹ Just as Josefa's welling emotionality had mystified and finally disgusted him, so Margot's insistent protectiveness towards her mate arouses Percy's contempt:

Then Percy laughed a short and formal laugh, of bitter but indulgent finality. Margot had imported an attitude into the discussion that was so self-evidently confined to herself and to women in general that no response was required or indeed possible.... This merely put an end to all intelligent discourse and so this meeting must adjourn.³⁰

Set against this Party-bred hardness is Percy's baby

response to pain. Hardcaster, never a front line fighter, goes down bawling before Jack's attack. At the beginning of the fight scene, Percy and Jack are cast as opposite psychological types: the intellectual against the dumb-ox. "The big lymphatic eye of the intellect, and brilliant glassy one of the five senses, signalled defiance across the few feet that separated them."³¹ But after his beating, Percy's only communication is the moan of the wounded animal. His lecturing posture and cynical smile give way to the dumb-ox lowing he had despised in Josefa. "The room was filled with Percy's groans. They were hollow, bovine, deep-fetched expressions of pain." And again, "...the groaning started again, a strident booming of immense self-pity--the dark ox-like bellowing, beneath the shadow of the slaughterhouse, of the eternal working-class...."³²

Through Gillian's response to this wounded hero, Lewis point out ironically the confusions of values of her social set. For the Chelsea socialists, the cry of the living creature in pain is less real than his political harangues.

The deep organ-notes of Percy Hardcaster, baritone, reached her.... It was the sorrowful bellows of the pneumatic house of clay, deserted by the mind, pumping its wind in and out in burdensome fashion, in the absence of its rational householder--just fetching sigh after sigh out of its resonant basement, at the thought of all the tribulations of this unhappy contraption. She loathed this automatic voice out of the deeps, even more than the offensive discourses that had

so recently issued from the same lips, that were now only a mechanical mouthpiece.³³

Where Percy had had to stifle his urge to create a personal style--"there was something bourgeois about Percy's dealings with bel canto"³⁴--Margot freely and consciously reconstructs her own identity. Yet Lewis gives her a youthfulness and innocence that redeem this fiction. Her mouth is "well shaped and gentle, and of a youthful red"³⁵; and her head is small and delicately shaped. A schoolgirlish figure, Margot is engaged in a continual impersonation of an English voice and manner that squanders her own small store of personality. She has painfully constructed this "gimcrack pagoda of gentility"³⁶, but her impersonation is not complete.

She was conscious that her treatment at Gillian's hands very often slipped down on to the plane of patronage. Because Margot was not a 'lady' and because she had to speak slowly, and with a stately brittleness of intonation, not to betray the fact.³⁷

The inborn self-assurance of the highbrow voice she tries to echo oppresses her "like the helmet of a policeman."³⁸

Margot's piping delivery and hollow tone contrast sharply with the natural, boistrous voice of Victor. Her speech is hesitant and faintly breathless. In the following passage, Lewis establishes the surface unreality of Margot by playing off her voice and movements against those of solid personalities:

'I will see if there is a letter,' Margaret said--with a voice dying away at 'letter'--rising, at the same time she spoke, to her feet, with her wraith-like noiselessness. She waxed wanly, indeed, very nervelessly but airily--becoming full-length, also, with a certain loss of ground, giving away a foot or so as she drifted upwards....

'What hopes!' said Victor.

A few minutes later she came up again from the hall, and Victor could hear her saying in her small hollow accents: 'Yes, isn't it?' in reply to the buoyant rotarian shout of Mr. Higham....³⁹

Margot's language is governed by the Romantic literature and popular cinema soundtracks from which it is derived. The expression of this hybrid blend of Romantic illusion and film-cliché is her halting hybrid voice: an "attractive foreign accent--say the last vestiges of aristocratic French on the tongue of an émigré...."

As she had been poor, she had taught herself English, and so had evolved a composite speech of her own. It was flavoured with American talkie echoes; but on the whole it suggested a French origin, and was extremely pretty, though her voice had gone a little hollow with the constant effort cautiously to shape the words correctly.⁴⁰

Margot's reserve and synthetic refinement are challenged by her experiences in Spain. Like Percy, she reverts to the instinctive habits of the dumb-ox when confronted with a crisis. Lewis leads up to Margot's Spanish experience by introducing Agnes Irons in the novel. This dynamic force whirling in and out of Margot's range of vision is the representative of a much coarser reality than that of Margot's fabrication. Agnes's brazen gusto and deafening laughter throw

Margot's little voice into sharpest relief. And the dynamic intrusion of this "hardened old Philistine"⁴¹ into the reverie-world of Margot establishes the pattern of shock that is to be greatly magnified in Spain.

The first agent of Margot's awakening is a prancing, gesticulating "parasite upon the normal world"⁴², a performing dwarf. He is the grotesque star of a placid Spanish plaza, eliciting laughter and ribaldry from his grown-up compatriots. But for Margot, he is a monstrous figure, symbol of a reality she cannot ignore. Margot is for once an ostensible outsider and is shocked at being so totally and obviously at odds with her surroundings:

All this dark and outlandish crowd were acting at cross purposes with her--with one who saw only something deformed, where they saw someone to whom everything must be pardoned.⁴³

The Anglo-Saxon point of view, Lewis wrote, promotes an unnatural pity or disgust at the sight of physical deformity. The Spanish are different: "They feel, perhaps, that God has made them a present of these hideous oddities to be their sport; and the dwarf feels that too, and is quite puffed-up with his own importance and proud of his god-sent job of joker or of public joke."⁴⁴ Margot has adopted the 'Anglo-Saxon point of view' to the extreme, and her response to the dwarf mounts to hysteria.

Tears are the sign of Margot's weakening defences, with her realization that even Victor enjoys the dwarf's performance. "She shrank, even from Victor. What beasts all humans were!"⁴⁵ But she is irresistibly drawn into the dwarf's grotesque histrionics, leaving behind her the refinement she had long counterfeited.

There was no escape, she must play her part. There was no use pretending she did not belong to this system of rearing and spluttering bestial life of flesh and blood.⁴⁶

Eyes staring with an "idiot fixity", Margot relinquishes her mask of fragile good-breeding and joins the ranks of the frightened dumb-ox. Her "stiff and cautious repertory of response" is not equal to this invasion from the world of deformed nature. Having reserved her smiles for Victor only, Margot now faces the Spanish crowd and their preposterous prince with a fixed grin of affliction. Responding to Victor's Clark Gable growl, Margot "only nodded in answer, and continued to grin, like a honey-duck exposed to the effect of a non-stop wisecrack--like a Walt Disney honey-duck, cut out for life in dumbshow, upon a more expressive plane than that of humdrum spacetime."⁴⁷

Lewis continues to set off the façade world of the cinema from the real world of pain that has shaken Margot's sensibilities. Again here, the streaming tear is the mark of

her bursting mask:

Then her lips commenced to tremble and to work painfully, as though she were attempting to speak. Finally a savage wail broke from them, and the joke was at an end.

Flinging herself against a great panelled door, like something out of a Hollywood set, which offered itself, she pressed her streaming face into the hollow of her lifted arm. She was convulsed from head to foot.

...In place of the brittle, hollow voice, picking its words
...there was an unintelligent muttering speech.⁴⁸

In the last sequence of the novel in which Margot appears, a brutal reality once more forces itself in on her, and she responds again with a frightful grin in her panic. At this late point in the novel, we learn her full name. She is Gwendolyn Margaret Savage,⁴⁹ and the transformation from an enervated Chelsea fabrication to the Wild Body is complete: And at last she laughed outright at the absurdity of it. She laughed loudly and without restraint. A false bottom--a false bottom on wheels; but all full of nothing at all, except packing paper and bricks! She went on laughing.⁵⁰

CHAPTER FOUR

ACTION AND GAMES

It is out of the discrepancy between absolute equilibrium, power, and so on, of which our mind is conscious, and the pitiable reality, that the stuff of games is made. Art is cut out of a similar substance.¹

The prison is the first setting for the novel and it is also its last. This return to the containing space that is enclosure, trap and refuge at once, symbolizes the negation of action that is at the novel's core. Percy's initial escape from prison and his involving the Stamps in the war for Spanish liberation have led, absurdly, to death and captivity.

In The Revenge for Love, Lewis has set his characters into four interdependent areas of action: war and love, politics and art. These areas contain both individual and communal activities and fall into the antithetical pairs I have suggested. The war Lewis presents in the novel is clearly an activity of depersonalized beings. Love is an act of personal commitment. Similarly, the political game in the novel is based on propaganda and appeal to automatic responses to abstractions. Art, Lewis suggested, is the medium of the individual. Beauty, he wrote, "is an immense predilection, a perfect conviction of the desirability of a certain thing

whatever that thing might be."² Margot and Victor represent the ideally creative activities, art and love. The cause and agents of their destruction are war and politics.

The thematic significance of this overturning of values will be treated in the concluding section of this study. First continuing the examination of Lewis's technique, I shall consider his treatment of action in The Revenge for Love.

Like Margot, each character in the novel has his "cautious repertory" of responses and attitudes. But the falseness of the world they move in militates against meaningful action. Lewis creates an ironic conjunction of serious purposiveness and farcical outcome for his characters' actions. The gun-running mission deteriorates into the double-cross; the revenge for love is pathetic death.

Essential to this ironic juxtaposition of intention and actuality is Lewis's use of the language of popular entertainment. From the stage and cinema, Lewis borrows a set of associations which help define the slapstick quality of much of the action. Percy's attempt to escape prison is given an air of frivolity by his recollection of the entertainments of childhood:

Percy thought of the Babes in the Wood: and, seeing that he was the one that was broad-in-the-beam, he supposed he was cast for the Principle Boy! But Serafin did not share his matinée memories; and, far from feeling that he was participating in a Christmas pantomime, he had all the air of a

person called upon to play his part in a melodrama so utterly boring that he could not even smile as he said his lines.³

By describing the characters in the novel in the language of cinema heroics, Lewis communicates their pathetic attempt to fill the void of their own lives with artificial triumphs. Thus, Victor wears a fictitious Clark Gable smile through most of the novel. And Tristram Phipps appears as a character from a Hollywood western. "His party badge gleamed upon the lapel of his jacket, or at all events it forced itself upon her notice, like the star of the film-sheriff, out to get the bad man dead or alive."⁴

These descriptive techniques set Lewis's characters into a world of burlesque fantasy that clashes with their earnest plans for action. The more serious the intentions of the characters, the more farcical their actual achievements. Thus, for example, as Percy and Serafin escape the prison in the dead of night, the scene gradually dissolves into buffoonery:

They stepped out, upon the quay, and certainly the affectionate manner of their exit, arm-in-arm, gave such a buffoonish turn to their actions that Percy's inefficient nerves caused him to chuckle a little explosively against Serafin's shoulder.

 Tripping as they did so and lurching into each other--Percy again smothering a hysterical mass of chuckles--they stepped out upon the moonlit quay.⁵

Lewis uses bathos too in his description of the setting for

this incident, as Percy sees "the moonlit water, of bronzed milk, in the path of the moon, with an oily shimmer reminiscent of the bottom of a sardine tin."⁶ Again, when Percy has delivered his lecture on communist tactics, Jack assumes the heroic role of defender of the lady Gillian. And here too, Lewis invests the whole scene with comic touches:

The two stock figures, of such a Saxon sameness, of breadth and of pigment, Old Percy and Old Jack, confronted one another, pausing to measure the five foot eight of proletarian massiveness opposite each, a dull thick match, tissue for tissue, in a sort of Box and Cox melodrama.⁷

This leavening of burlesque which Lewis introduces into dramatic sequences is his ironic comment on the activities of his characters. By tempering the grandiose with farce, he expresses the mean reality of the class war. The characters in The Revenge for Love are not conventional heroes got up in magnificent clothing and engaged in momentous schemes. Lewis has made them more believable by stripping away the conventional machinery of grand drama. As he wrote in Rude Assignment, about his character Percy, "In his activities there is a strain of Groucho Marx. All reality sooner or later has a strain of that, as much in war...as in class-war."⁸

Contributing to Lewis's bathetic effect is his treatment of the language his characters use in expressing their ideas. A note of absurdity is struck on the first page of the novel

in Don Alvaro's melodramatic pronouncement that we are free only once in our lives. "That is when at last we gaze into the bottom of the heart of our beloved and find that it is false--like everything else in the world!" This is our freedom, then, and we are free "to kill--or to forgive." The absurdity of this statement derives from its melodramatic assertion that everything in the world is false--in which case one could not determine falsity in a particular thing. And too, Don Alvaro combines incongruities in his pairing of ideas: the beloved who is false, the bottom that is false, and the choice between killing or forgiving that arises from this 'freedom'. Lewis writes that Don Alvaro makes this statement with "the controlled passion of the great logician." Throughout the novel, Lewis puts similarly pretentious remarks into the dialogue, giving a fatuous quality to his characters' most earnest pronouncements. Percy's comment, "Lies are the manure out of which truth grows", is another expression of this type. It points out an absurdly unresolved tension of values. In the world of the novel, values stand in suspension, or have been reversed totally. It is a world in which constructive tools are interchangeable with tools of destruction, as Lewis implies in the shuffling of 'typewriters', machine guns, and bricks at the end of the 'Honey-Angel'

section of the novel. And Lewis communicates this absurdity partly through the language of his characters. Percy, near the end of the novel, expresses the meaninglessness of his world of fictitious action in terms of a 'calm and considered negation', and

Serafin himself could not have said nothing with more feeling for the false bottom underlying the spectacle of this universe, and making a derision of the top--for nothingness at the heart of the most plausible and pretentious of affirmatives, either as man or as thing.⁹

Lewis's comments on Shakespearean tragedy help illuminate his own treatment of action and the hero-figure in The Revenge for Love. Writing about Shakespeare's cycle of histories and about the late tragedies, Lewis identified as a dominant theme "a criticism of action and of the agent principle."¹⁰ In his analysis he discusses two aspects of Shakespeare's art which can be applied to his own novel: the reduction of the hero to his most simple level, and the negation of action. About Shakespeare's heroes, Lewis wrote, "That great undressing of the dressed-up self in a simple phrase is Shakespeare's, and has a universal application...."¹¹ In his The Revenge for Love, Lewis reduces the appearance of his characters to a minimum, undressing them and setting only one expressive detail into the narrative. Thus, for example, Eileen O'Hara appears only as a "twilled rump"¹² on her

Bayswater balcony; and Percy is 'undressed' to his rolled-up shirt sleeves.¹³ Margot's appearance too is reduced to a few significant details, like her Kate Greenaway hat with fluttering ribbons.¹⁴

Discussing the nature of tragedy, Lewis describes the dramatic situation in which the actions of the hero become futile:

Tragedy...tells of nothing but downfall, and the powerlessness of men. It is the agony of the hero that is represented, either in glorification of the power of God and fate, or registering the successes of the many over the one. The implication of those monotonous sacrifices is clearly non-heroic, and not engineered in favour of the titan; and in that sense tragic art is in its essence democratic and religious, the enemy of human energy and success, or such a check on them as to be that, and the opponent of action.¹⁵

Lewis's technique for portraying the powerlessness of men and their failure to succeed through action marshals imagery from the popular theatre, absurd expressions of speech, and bathos against his characters' pretensions to mastery over circumstances.

The Lewis voice intrudes intermittently into the novel to comment ironically upon the action. The novelist by assuming a sardonic, irreverent tone in his addresses to the reader, further emphasizes the unreal nature of the action. The Lewis persona in the novel is a device for distancing the teller from the events and issues he relates. Usually comic or

frivolous, these 'first person' comments function as a continual reminder of the pretentiousness of the characters acting out a farce. The following Lewis aside serves to diminish the image of Sean O'Hara built up among the people under his control. However malevolent a figure Sean seems in the world of the novel, Lewis isolates him in that fictional world by pointing out a blind spot in his awareness of another person. Sean is here trying to deceive his wife, when Lewis interjects the observation:

Something dramatic was in the wind, she imagined: his approaches to dramatic situations would be a marked slowing down of the voice as a rule. And his pronounced sang froid suggested that all was not well. The heart of man is a dark forest--but he was quite unaware that she possessed any woodcraft at all.¹⁶

Similarly, as he describes Percy, Lewis's feigned desire for accuracy works to diminish his character's impressiveness:

"Percy rose to his feet, or rather rose on to his stump...."¹⁷

Lewis interposes a short digression into the sequence of events at the Van Gogh factory, in which he recounts the story of Vincent Van Gogh's self-mutilation. This account of the intense involvement of the real Van Gogh with his art picks out one brutally real incident to evoke the artist's personal anguish. Thus Lewis throws Victor's operatic bandages and the whole sham picture factory into sharpest relief. Concluding the passage, the persona's comment again infects the pathos

with an air of triviality:

...this made Gauguin think, as he looked at the ear lying in the palm of his hand, that he had been wise in a way to move when he did, from the bedroom where he had slept with the unbalanced impressionist, struggling so dourly with his medium. And I think we must all agree beyond question he had shown his good judgement.¹⁸

The sardonic, grinning mask of the fool is not, in Lewis's view, incompatible with serious literary expression. Indeed, he wrote that "Our deepest laughter...is non-personal and non-moral. And it enters fields which are commonly regarded as the reserve of more 'serious' forms of reaction."¹⁹ This ironic, grinning presence in the novel is the satirist Lewis, who like Shakespeare, had his "innumerable gestures against life itself. And, if against life itself, then against action itself."²⁰ The sort of satire present in the novel, as it appears in the juxtaposing of burlesque and serious action, Lewis has described as "grinning tragedy , or a comedy full of dangerous electrical action, and shattered with outbursts of tears."²¹ Lewis's grinning persona is not a participant in the farce, but a comment on it. As the 'Soldier of Humour' wrote in Tarr, "We must stop grinning.... I do: for if you will look closely at my grin you will perceive that it is a very logical and deliberate grimace."²²

In treating the action of the novel, Lewis uses the metaphor of 'playing the game'. He had written of his own

experiences in the First World War that the Briton's grin and sporting spirit were dangerous drugs, and called the British sense of humour "that maudlin twin brother of the sporting spirit."²³

Not only does the Englishman not "make a mountain out of a molehill"; he is able to make a molehill out of a mountain. This is an invaluable magic to possess. The most enormous hobgoblin becomes a pigmy on the spot. Or such is the ideal of this 'humourous' standpoint, which has played a great part in anglo-saxon life--just as its opposite, "quixotry", has played a great part in Spanish life.²⁴

In The Revenge for Love, Percy plays the game of politics.

He admits that he is not always sure just where bluff ends and reality takes over, but he carries on regardless:

Bluff stood in the same relation to the revolutionary expressionism as does sangfroid to the pugnacity of the duellist. The bogus in the bursting uplift it was that made it intellectually bearable. It made it a game--as a game only it was acceptable, once you'd got used to it.²⁵

It is not, however, only the bluff factor which Percy does not fully understand. The manipulators who employ his energies are also unknown factors in the game. Both Sean and Abershaw are described throughout the novel as magician or conjuror figures. They work behind the scenes, using Percy and the Stamps as pawns.

In this context, the lesson on communist tactics that Percy delivers to Gillian Phipps can be turned back on him. For he too works under an illusion, and a peep behind the

scenes would reveal the Fakers, plotting his future for him:

You're in this game for the fun of it, like most people of the moneyed classes, and you want it to be all fun and excitement. The little peep behind the scenes you got from me debunked your little romance of revolution.²⁶

Percy's fight with Jack, ending with a third kick to his stump--"for luck", might have shown Percy that even among proletarian brothers, the game is not always played by Queensbury rules.

Percy's game of social revolution is fought at several removes from the shooting war in Spain, in the "machine-life of an hysterical, half-conscious, underworld."²⁷ But physical violence intrudes continually. Among the Spanish political criminals in prison, Percy is exposed to a constant barrage of stories about murders and threats. But he, a Briton and a foreigner to Spanish ways, "could not, for instance, even if he wished to do so, hang up a priest's ribs for sale in a gutted shop, during an outbreak, and pretend to be engaged in the meat trade...."²⁸ Only at the end, when he has once more been imprisoned, can he see the game in its grim reality:

To himself, at least, he never pretended he was hardly used. He accepted, for his political opinions, the status of a game--a game, of course, of life and death. He would have been more the 'happy warrior' certainly, in the class-battle, if he had been possessed of a more dishonest mind.²⁹

Lewis's exploration of the game metaphor goes beyond

the immediate context of the war. He extends it into a satiric study of the British mentality. His creation of Agnes Irons parodies the breezy British sporting type he had in mind when he wrote that "...ever since Waterloo was 'won on the playing fields of Eton', of course, the playing field has gone on expanding and expanding; until 'playing the game', as too hypnotic a slogan, has perhaps rotted the sense of reality of the average Briton."³⁰ The British playing field extended around the world with the advance of colonialism, and its representative in the novel is that hardened old Philistine and open golf champion of the Straits Settlement, Agnes Irons. For Agnes, everything is a joke and her brazen laughter salutes the comic root of all things:

For five or ten minutes after her entrance Agnes made no remark whatever without an obbligo of deafening laughter, which lasted for a shorter or a longer period upon some principle of jolly-good-sortishness, of seeing the humourous-side-of-things, admitting no visible relation to the ratio of comic matter in its verbal counterpart.³¹

Art is a joke and so are politics: "Who ever heard of a young man and young woman separating because they didn't agree about politics?"³² Lewis's remark that the British sporting spirit tends finally to rot the sense of reality is given life in his depiction of Agnes, for whom class and racial superiority are so taken for granted that they become finally one great joke:

And she gave another hearty roar at the absurd idea of being dark. Nature is a topping old sportsman! And all nature's

little jokes are worth a guffaw or two--even if some are in questionable taste (for, of course, we know that nature is, well, not exactly white!--but a jolly old sportsman nevertheless.... And then a good laugh against oneself is always more of a pukka laugh, isn't it, than one at the expense of another person--especially if they are a social equal. To possess a saving grace of humour eases the White Man's Burden just a little. It is indeed what the White Man has had bestowed upon him, especially the Englishman, to make it possible for him to go on carrying it at all--the too vast orb of his globe-trotting fate!²³

Agnes's compulsion to see the jolly side of everything and her spirit of muddling through are qualities Lewis saw in the British mentality whatever serious issues were at stake. Her appearance in the novel underscores the point that the game metaphor is used to emphasize the ludicrous inadequacy of Percy and the Stamps in the political wargame they are playing.

Lewis had explored the debilitating effect of the games mentality on the sensibility in earlier works than The Revenge for Love. The Apes of God, published in 1926, concludes with a figure known at one stage of the composition of the book as Dan Bull leaving the scene of a party soon after news of the General Strike is broadcast. Dan is, effectively, impervious to the excitement and danger around him as he makes his way through London streets, ignoring the offers of rides from passing motorists and blushing at the presence of groups of policemen. Dan and the circle he moves in find the Strike rather a bore and an inconvenience, but the sight of Hyde

Park full of milk cans and surrounded by mounted policemen provides a momentary excitement. Lewis sets one brief passage describing the confusion and violence of the largest workers' strike in England into the novel. Just preceding it is Dan's escape to the south of France--"For he felt he could not again stand the sound of all that firing in the streets, if it was a Rebellion." And following directly upon this plunge into the reality of the Strike, the novel returns to the breathless hush of Lady Fredigonde's Victorian mansion:

The whole townland of London was up in arms and as silent as the grave and it was reported that in its eastern quarters, in the slumwards such as Poplar, a Police-inspector and two Specials had been kicked to death and there were more and more violent riots in Hammersmith, where trams had been wrecked and street-rails torn up by the mob, and the Police stoned and injured: while it was confidently stated that in the North crowds had sacked the better quarters, in the big factory-towns, mines were flooded, mills were blazing, and the troops were firing with machine-guns upon the populace. The absence of newspapers fostered every report of disorder.

It was a grand and breathless calm in the rich neighbourhoods and at last peace had fallen (for the first time since the death of that Nineteenth-Century Middleclass Elizabeth, Victoria....³⁴

Support for Lewis's assertion that the British love of humour was an "invaluable magic" comes not only from the upper-class reaction to the Strike, but from the peaceloving middle-class or working man's behaviour as well. The following report from a historian of the period communicates the unique quality of the General Strike:

The normal English reaction to national calamity is one of self-congratulation. It was so with the General Strike. 'Our old country can well be proud of itself,' George V wrote in his diary when he got news of the General Council's surrender, 'as during the last nine days there has been a strike in which 4 million men have been affected; not a shot has been fired and no one killed; it shows what a wonderful people we are.'.... The forbearance and patience which had made it possible for a police force armed with nothing more lethal than truncheons to keep control of the situation, the uninterrupted, stately progress of cricket throughout what was supposed to be a revolution, above all that supreme example of English tolerance or English muddle-headedness, whichever way one chose to look at it, the football match at Plymouth between police and strikers for which the Chief Constable's wife kicked off, and which the strikers won by 2 goals to 1--these were the aspects highlighted by American and Continental journalists and by the British themselves. The French who, if they had learnt no other political lesson in the past 150 years, at least knew how to conduct a revolution, were frankly puzzled. Why were not more policemen killed, an audience of Paris Socialists asked Raymond Postgate later, and what was the sense of advising strikers to dig their gardens rather than haunt the streets annoying the police?³⁵

This British 'muddle-headedness' and the workers' susceptibility to the distractions of games and gardens is under scrutiny in Lewis's The Revenge for Love. Percy, like the striking workers tending to their gardens, has allowed his real anger at the injustice of capitalist society to be shunted off into a safe zone of action: "And at present, poor fellow, he was an angry man, a very angry man indeed. His bogus rage was real rage--but diverted from its true object and made to play upon a stock Aunt Sally of the dogma of Spanish revolt."³⁶

CHAPTER FIVE

THE THEME OF NON-ACCOMMODATION

The names we remember in European literature are those of men who satirized and attacked rather than petted, or fawned upon, their contemporaries. Only this time exacts an uncritical hypnotic sleep of all belonging to it. This...is the sleep of the machine.¹

T.S. Eliot's The Waste Land, published in 1922, is a landmark of the period Lewis called "the unsanitary trough between the two world wars." The poem evokes the passive despair of men isolated in the wasteland of a mechanical civilization:

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of water.²

Lewis recognized the need for new modes of awareness to take over from the 'heap of broken images' left over from the past. He played the role of map-maker of the uncharted areas of experience opening over the rubble of The First World War.

Lewis's method was that of the scientist, identifying concrete entities that emerged from the flux and cataloguing them. The fatal mistake he deplored continually in his writings was the failure he saw all around him to adjust patterns

of thinking to modern conditions. The creations of sham revolutionaries were not new images, but shoddy patchworks of broken ones from the past. In the foreword to his The Doom of Youth, published in 1932, he described the pseudo "New European" as "a sort of half-man-- or child-man, or a sort of rag doll, more and more-- composed of the bits left over, oddly arranged."³

The Revenge for Love, an extended examination of the sources of this failure to accommodate one's sensibility to altered conditions, documents the effects of out-moded stereotypes on the intelligence. The impulses from politics, popular cinema and Romantic book-culture provide the characters in The Revenge for Love with empty images and formulas. In analyzing this aspect of the novel, I shall examine the poverty of these formulas and their damaging effects on the thought and activity of the characters Percy, Margot, and Victor.

In his autobiography of 1951, Rude Assignment, Lewis describes the reception The Revenge for Love got in the London and New York literary worlds of 1936. The trouble with the book, he wrote, was politics:

... 'The Revenge for Love' (1936), just cannot be mentioned, or considered by the average critic at all, and in my lifetime will never be republished (it is out of print) because its theme is political and its intentions have apparently

been misread. It is not a book of political edification but one of political realism. I am quite content that people should read it much later on, when the dust of these present conflicts has settled. They will, I think, perceive that it is not quite what contemporaneously it **was** supposed to be.⁴

The virtual boycott of the novel was due to Lewis's emphasis on the seamy aspects of the class-war, manifested in Percy Hardcaster, "a British navvy turned Marxist schoolmaster."⁵

Lewis combined with this insistence on Percy's unheroic qualities a satiric stance in the novel. He thus even further diminishes the seriousness of the action. At a time when liberal-minded intellectuals were embracing the Loyalist cause in Spain, Lewis's independent line was intolerable. The book was not reprinted until 1952.

Lewis's ironic treatment of his Communist hero is tempered with compassion. Percy is portrayed as a man misled by the fixed patterns of thought he transmits for the party. He, as much as the Chelsea socialists around him, clings to an archaic socialism bound to impulses of nationalism and party-pride. Very early in Lewis's career, he recognized the anachronisms inherent in nationalistic fervour of the vengeful type displayed in 1919 at Versailles. He wrote throughout his career in support of internationalism. In a book published the same year as The Revenge for Love, he states the case for the non-partisan person:

We think of the world as politically divided, more today even than formerly that is our way of dividing it. The political world is ostensibly divided into various parties. But human society is far more fundamentally divided into those who are political animals and those who are non-political animals: into party-men and non-party-men. ... The latter may be a party-man, too. But he is a person as well. That is the difference.⁶

Thus Percy is attached to an anachronistic political ideology, in Lewis's view. Further, Percy has given up his individuality by becoming a party functionary. Signs of this loss of personal identity in the novel are his assumption of the highly-conventional schoolmaster role and his attempt to keep his origins secret.⁷ Confronted with the news of the Stamps' death, he reverts to the studied attitudes of the hard-boiled political functionary. Lewis's implication seems to be that Percy's one tear, rolling unheeded down the mask of 'The Injured Party', is the last drop of humanity in him.

Margot and Victor are presented as natural victims of the deceit around them. For they live in a world of their own manufacture, composed of cinema stereotypes and Romantic illusions. Lewis uses the language of the cinema to emphasize the gap between the technical artifact and immediate reality. In Margot's description of the Fakers, she recognizes the difference: "They could not really bear you down. They could only brow beat you like a gramophone, or impose on you like the projections on the screen of the cinema."⁸ Yet

Margot and Victor continue to exist in terms of the fatuous images of the cinema. Their reliance on stereotypes out of Clark Gable films or Walt Disney cartoons is a measure of their desire to escape the realities around them. Events in the novel continually expose the futility of this slight and childish form of escape. The incident with the Spanish dwarf temporarily shocks them into awareness of one ugly aspect of the world they live in. But they revert to type almost immediately:

In the fairy-tale life of his fragile little honey-angel of course a dwarf would have another meaning to what such a figure would have in the adult world. He would be either a 'wicked dwarf' or a 'good dwarf'! So now all was plain sailing and Victor knew where he was. A look of great kindness came into his rugged face. As the benevolent giant he could now play his part. And his big dirty hand...made a padded shell for the back part of her head.⁹

Margot lives in a period of her own manufacture, she speaks in the hollow accents of an enervated being straining constantly to maintain her role. Through the last two parts of The Revenge for Love, Lewis examines the composition of Margot's view of herself, "the clever picture of a lonely girl, to whose immaculate conception Virginia Woolf had so decisively contributed."¹⁰

'The Fakers' opens with Margot looking into a garden which is surrounded by tall Victorian houses. As Lewis describes her, Margot's mental set mirrors her surroundings.

For her, the Victorian garden is the real world, where she is free to play at being goddess, queen, or hermit girl at will. The garden of her imagination, like Margot herself, is a hybrid form of nature, composed of cherished bits of sentiment from Ruskin, Tennyson, and Virginia Woolf. Margot in this setting is impervious both to actual nature and to the machine. She is outside the realities of physical location and time. She would "never derive from anything more grossly twentieth-century or anything privy to internal-combustion -- to name the arch-serpent of the pre-war Eden."¹¹

The counterbalance for Margot's frail girlishness is the internal combustion engine incarnate, Agnes Irons. This dynamic intruder recalls Margot's attention with volleys of deafening laughter and abrupt movements. Agnes is an insistent reminder of the concrete achievements of the Victorian period. She is a late bloom of the period of the great monogamists -- Margot's poets-- "flowering, as great-hearted passion flowers, hyperpetalous and crimson red, upon the spoils of the Anglo-Indies and of the Dark Continent."¹² This intrusion of the dynamo awakens Margot, but cannot shake her.

Lewis makes a point of emphasizing the pathetic quality of Margot's fabricated garden-world just at that point in the novel when Margot and Victor are being impelled by the

reckless haste of their car towards the Civil Guards. He combines in this passage the self-delusion of Margot and his own insight into the source of her weakness:

She was the sigh of the last rose, and the whisper of the last lily, when the Flower-haters have decreed the extinction of all 'luxury-weeds'. So, and in that symbolical manner, she could respond to the song of the magdalen, brought to her notice by latter-day wolves, who had suckled her starved intelligence and fed it with Victorian lollypops.¹³

A prime specimen among Margot's 'Victorian lollypops' is Ruskin's essay Queen's Gardens. It is almost certain that Lewis chose this publication deliberately, as part of his exposure of Margot's sham-culture outfit. For in 1932, Carter and Pollard published the results of their examination of 19th Century works suspected as forgeries.

We found that, as long ago as 1903, two pamphlets by Ruskin, The Queens' Gardens, 1864, and The National Gallery, 1852, had been examined...and roundly denounced as fakes.¹⁴

The pathos of Margot's situation is doubled by this specific detail. The source for the manufacture of her sensibility is itself a fake.

"To administer 'sly digs', to flatter by an affectation of criticism, to be 'whimsical', these sedative practices as a substitute for genuine satire are the English way...."¹⁵

Lewis's assessment of his countrymen's taste seems to be borne out by the reception of The Revenge for Love in the influential publication the Times Literary Supplement. The reviewer,

writing shortly after the novel's initial publication, criticizes Lewis's brutality. By complaining of Lewis's failure to 'cultivate blossoms', the reviewer seems to have ignored the interpretation Lewis makes of Margot's pathetic instruction by the Victorian garden-makers:

Many readers will feel the book to be slightly over-tinctured with Lewis's own anti-communist outlook, and to turn at times too easily to mere satirical guying. It is, moreover, by intention more destructive than creative in purpose, trampling on weeds rather than cultivating blossoms.¹⁶

One must indeed cultivate one's garden, but the Victorian blossoms thrilling Margot's sensibilities have become noxious weeds. Their elimination is the necessary first step, in Lewis's view, in the re-education of his Margot.

The cinema and the images of the past provide Lewis's characters with stereotypes out of which to form their personal styles. But the great levelling devices like the "Clark Gable tap that makes the whole world kin"¹⁷ really only add another threadbare patch to a wornout composite. The figures in Lewis's The Revenge for Love share in the incongruity of Victor's status: "the Kipling Man--1930 American Model."¹⁸

FOOTNOTES

Introduction

¹ Lewis, Satire and Fiction, 53.

² Lewis uses this term in his Time and Western Man, 112: "A world of the most extreme and logically exacting physical definition is built up out of this susceptible condition in the case of the greatest art, in contrast to the cloudy phantasies of the spiritist."

³ Lewis, The Art of Being Ruled, 403.

⁴ Lewis, Time and Western Man, 115.

⁵ Ibid., 91.

⁶ Lewis, Satire and Fiction, 47-48.

⁷ Lewis, Time and Western Man, 105.

⁸ Ibid., 101-102.

⁹ Ibid., 102.

¹⁰ Ibid., 90.

¹¹ Ibid., 1.

¹² Ibid., 403.

¹³ Lewis, Satire and Fiction, 47.

¹⁴ Lewis, "Studies in the Art of Laughter," 511.

¹⁵ Lewis, The Wild Body, 236.

¹⁶ Lewis, Time and Western Man, 138.

¹⁷ Ibid., 136.

¹⁸ Ibid., 23.

¹⁹ Lewis, Rude Assignment, 125.

Chapter One

¹ Lewis, The Revenge for Love, 146/129-130. In all references to this work, the page numbers cited first are from the original edition of 1937; the second are from the 1952 reprint.

² Ibid., 74-75/66-67.

³ Ibid., 80/71.

⁴ Ibid., 177/158.

⁵ Ibid., 86/76-77.

⁶ Ibid., 387-388/345.

⁷ Ibid., 87/77.

⁸ Ibid., 114/102.

⁹ Ibid., 168/149.

¹⁰ Ibid., 178/158.

¹¹ Ibid., 195/175.

¹² Ibid., 198/177.

¹³ Ibid., 200-201/179.

¹⁴ Ibid., 327-337/291-300.

¹⁵ Ibid., 333-334/297.

¹⁶ Ibid., 415/370-371.

¹⁷ Ibid., 192/171.

¹⁸ Ibid., 190/170.

¹⁹ Lewis, Rude Assignment, 151.

²⁰ Lewis, Filibusters in Barbary, 208-209.

- ²¹ Lewis, The Revenge for Love, 92/82-83.
- ²² Ibid., 92, 93/82, 83.
- ²³ Ibid., 171/152-153.
- ²⁴ Ibid., 281/250.
- ²⁵ Ibid., 291/259.
- ²⁶ Lewis, Satire and Fiction, 47.
- ²⁷ Lewis, The Revenge for Love, 181/161.
- ²⁸ Lewis, The Art of Being Ruled, 85.
- ²⁹ Ibid., 110-112.
- ³⁰ Lewis, The Doom of Youth, ix.
- ³¹ Lewis, The Art of Being Ruled, 86.
- ³² Ibid., 59.
- ³³ Ibid., 140-141.
- ³⁴ Lewis, The Revenge for Love, 26/23.
- ³⁵ Ibid., 118-119/105-106.
- ³⁶ Ibid., 11/9.
- ³⁷ Ibid., 13/10.
- ³⁸ Ibid., 19/16.
- ³⁹ Ibid., 21/18.
- ⁴⁰ Ibid., 4/3.
- ⁴¹ Ibid., 20-21/17.
- ⁴² Ibid., 304/271.
- ⁴³ Ibid., 44/40.
- ⁴⁴ Ibid., 309/275.

⁴⁵ Ibid., 384/343.

⁴⁶ Lewis, Letters, 302.

⁴⁷ Lewis, The Revenge for Love, 422/377.

Chapter Two

¹ Lewis, The Revenge for Love, 39/35.

² Lewis, The Caliph's Design, 226.

³ Lewis, The Revenge for Love, 314/280.

⁴ Ibid., 97-98/88.

⁵ Ibid., 44/39.

⁶ Ibid., 42/37.

⁷ Ibid., 79/70.

⁸ Ibid., 120/107.

⁹ Ibid., 233/206.

¹⁰ Lewis, "Plain Home-Builder : Where is Your Vorticist?"
136.

¹¹ Lewis, The Revenge for Love, 417/372.

¹² Ibid., 190/170.

¹³ Ibid., 86/77

¹⁴ Ibid., 114/102.

¹⁵ Lewis, Rude Assignment, 214.

¹⁶ Lewis, The Revenge for Love, 1.

¹⁷ Ibid., 180/160.

¹⁸ Ibid., 180/160-161.

¹⁹ Ibid., 195/174-175.

- ²⁰Ibid., 200/179.
- ²¹Ibid., 182/162-163.
- ²²Ibid., 181-161.
- ²³Ibid., 299/266.
- ²⁴Ibid., 284/253.
- ²⁵Ibid., 293/261.
- ²⁶Ibid., 290/258.
- ²⁷Ibid., 290/262.
- ²⁸Ibid., 194/173.
- ²⁹Ibid., 295/263.
- ³⁰Ibid., 286/254.
- ³¹Ibid., 283/267.
- ³²Ibid., 324/288.
- ³³Ibid., 9/6.
- ³⁴Ibid., 386/344.
- ³⁵Ibid., 402/359.
- ³⁶Ibid., 413/369.
- ³⁷Ibid., 415-416/371.
- ³⁸Ibid., 421/375.

Chapter Three

- ¹Lewis, Men Without Art, 294.
- ²Lewis, The Revenge for Love, 13/11.

- ³Ibid., 17/15.
- ⁴Ibid., 18/15.
- ⁵Ibid., 25/22.
- ⁶Ibid., 28/25.
- ⁷Ibid., 105/92-93.
- ⁸Ibid., 103/91.
- ⁹Ibid., 109/97.
- ¹⁰Ibid., 223/198.
- ¹¹Ibid., 246/218.
- ¹²Ibid., 164/92.
- ¹³Ibid., 239/212.
- ¹⁴Lewis, The Wild Body, 238.
- ¹⁵Ibid., 239.
- ¹⁶Lewis, Men Without Art, 294.
- ¹⁷Lewis, The Revenge for Love, 226/199.
- ¹⁸Ibid., 131-132/118.
- ¹⁹Ibid., 217/192.
- ²⁰Ibid., 222/197.
- ²¹Ibid., 180/161.
- ²²Ibid., 194/174.
- ²³Ibid., 198/177.
- ²⁴Ibid., 246/218-219.
- ²⁵Ibid., 26/23.
- ²⁶Ibid., 22-23/19-20.

- ²⁷ Ibid., 61/55.
- ²⁸ Ibid., 69/150-151.
- ²⁹ Ibid., 44-45/40.
- ³⁰ Ibid., 356/318.
- ³¹ Ibid., 239/212.
- ³² Ibid., 241, 242/214, 215.
- ³³ Ibid., 243/216.
- ³⁴ Ibid., 45/40.
- ³⁵ Ibid., 73/65.
- ³⁶ Ibid., 179/160.
- ³⁷ Ibid., 179/159.
- ³⁸ Ibid., 192/171.
- ³⁹ Ibid., 77/69.
- ⁴⁰ Ibid., 75-76/67.
- ⁴¹ Ibid., 272/241.
- ⁴² Ibid., 331/295.
- ⁴³ Ibid., 329/293.
- ⁴⁴ Lewis, "Studies in the Art of Laughter", 513.
- ⁴⁵ Lewis, The Revenge for Love, 331/295.
- ⁴⁶ Ibid., 332/296.
- ⁴⁷ Ibid., 334/297.
- ⁴⁸ Ibid., 335/299.
- ⁴⁹ Ibid., 395/352.
- ⁵⁰ Ibid., 416/371.

Chapter Four

- ¹ Lewis, The Tyro, II, 25.
- ² Lewis, The Wild Body, 243.
- ³ Lewis, The Revenge for Love, 47/42.
- ⁴ Ibid., 252/224.
- ⁵ Ibid., 47/42, 42-43.
- ⁶ Ibid., 43/39.
- ⁷ Ibid., 239/212.
- ⁸ Lewis, Rude Assignment, 215.
- ⁹ Lewis, The Revenge for Love, 305-306/272.
- ¹⁰ Lewis, The Lion and the Fox, 160.
- ¹¹ Ibid., 165.
- ¹² Lewis, The Revenge for Love, 150/134.
- ¹³ Ibid., 8/6.
- ¹⁴ Ibid., 350/312.
- ¹⁵ Lewis, The Lion and the Fox, 170.
- ¹⁶ Lewis, The Revenge for Love, 151/134.
- ¹⁷ Ibid., 234/207.
- ¹⁸ Ibid., 279/248.
- ¹⁹ Lewis, "Studies in the Art of Laughter", 6.
- ²⁰ Lewis, The Lion and the Fox, 160.
- ²¹ Lewis, "Studies in the Art of Laughter", 6-7.
- ²² Lewis, Tarr, v.

- ²³Lewis, "First Aid for the Unorthodox", 37.
- ²⁴Lewis, Blasting and Bombardiering, 41.
- ²⁵Lewis, The Revenge for Love, 53/48.
- ²⁶Ibid., 235/208.
- ²⁷Ibid., 65/58.
- ²⁸Ibid., 36/32.
- ²⁹Ibid., 417/372.
- ³⁰Lewis, Left Wings over Europe, 44.
- ³¹Lewis, The Revenge for Love, 264/233.
- ³²Ibid., 275/244.
- ³³Ibid., 267/237.
- ³⁴Lewis, The Apes of God, 643.
- ³⁵McElwee, Britain's Locust Years: 1918-1940, 134-135.
- ³⁶Lewis, The Revenge for Love, 54/49.

Chapter Five

- ¹Lewis, The Enemy, I, x.
- ²Eliot, The Waste Land, 66.
- ³Lewis, The Doom of Youth, ix.
- ⁴Lewis, Rude Assignment, 149.
- ⁵Lewis, The Revenge for Love, 22/19.
- ⁶Lewis, Left Wings over Europe, 21.
- ⁷Lewis, The Revenge for Love, 55.

⁸Ibid., 194/174.

⁹Ibid., 336/299-300.

¹⁰Ibid., 260/230.

¹¹Ibid., 261-262/231.

¹²262/232.

¹³Ibid., 399/356.

¹⁴Carter and Pollard, An Inquiry into Certain 19th Century Pamphlets, 4-5.

¹⁵Lewis, Rude Assignment, 104.

¹⁶The Times Literary Supplement (May 22, 1937), 395.

¹⁷Lewis, The Revenge for Love, 372/332.

¹⁸Ibid., 399/356.

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